





*The Inquire of Truth which is the Love-  
making or Weaving of it; the Knowledge  
of Truth which is the Presence of it; & the  
Believe of Truth which is the Enjoying of  
it; is the Sovereign Good of Humane Nature*

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GEORGE WYNDHAM.







*George Wyndham*

GEORGE WYNDHAM  
RECOGNITA

BY CHARLES T. GATTY

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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TO SIBELL,  
COUNTESS GROSVENOR.

*“ Welcome ever smiles  
And farewell goes out sighing.”*

When you and I, dear Lady, were talking about George last August in the garden at Saughton, I gathered that it would be acceptable to you if I wrote something about him. But after I had considered this matter alone, a sort of shyness came over me. I could not make him the theme of a Magazine article, as a journalist concocts the obituary notice of a politician, having always been too near to George to get such a detached view of him. And then again, when our sacred intimacy was suddenly and tragically extinguished, I felt too bewildered to collect my thoughts, or print them.

Since then time has gone on, and so have I. I have read over many of his delightful letters, and talked with you and Pamela and Benny and others about him, until I have grown to like the idea of recalling the happy hours we spent together, and to remember what he loved, and said and did. And so I have determined to print privately for you such thoughts about these things as come naturally into my mind.

I feel to-day as if I should never live to know what George's death means to me. To describe what I have lost in losing him, would be painting a portrait that would come to life as often as one looked at it. But this is impossible. Only in

the hands of the world's greatest masters do the dead rise again "on lips of living men," though we must allow that uneducated people in moments of great anguish use profound and almost inspired words. I cannot perform these miracles. I can only try to tell you, as simply as possible, what it is that I have lost in losing George

The first thought that came to me when Philip Hanson told me he was gone was that I should never see him again, that he would never greet me again, that his overwhelming *Welcome* was gone for all my time on earth. No other welcome ever meant so much to me. He took hold of one's mind as he grasped one's hand. I felt that he unpacked my brain quite as soon as the footman unpacked my portmanteau.— "Ah, you are working at the Vernacular, it's a splendid subject. I'll settle you down in the room below me in the tower, there are lots of books there, and we'll put in a fortnight's talk and work. There's a new book on the origin of the French Language, a perfect mine of stuff for you. And then, of course, you'll have to tackle Carmichael's *Carmina Gadelica*. I have a lot of problems for you about the sonnets, astronomical, heraldic and literary, we'll have a glorious time, and throw off all the cares of politics and plunge into literature." Or it might be, "I've got Chesterton here, or Belloc, or Hugh Cecil; we'll have an orgie of discussion, and sound all possible and impossible problems."

I have experienced many kinds of welcome in my life, inspired by various motives, but his greeting spoiled me for every other. I always seemed to arrive at the very moment I was wanted. My work was the one subject that interested him. His work had just got to the point where I might be of use.

Sometimes the word of welcome, like a baited hook was posted beforehand. He wrote to me on Sep. 25, 1894:—My dear Charles,—I count the days till 'Shakespeare' and your visit. We get here the 8th of October from Temple-Newsome, and that evening is the historic "*Conversazione*." You might join in, as in '89. Let us have a lecture on 'William' in the school shall we? I am committing his sonnets to

memory ready for your discourse each day, as I shave in the morning. Otherwise I am agonising over my essay on the French Poets all the morning, and talking nonsense to the children the rest of the day.

Perf is prodigious. I walked him to the river and rowed him up to tea at Aldford yesterday. To wile away the 'weary'—not that it was so, one minute of it—I embarked on the siege of Troy. When I wound up "and so Troy was taken and burnt." *Perf*: "What a pity after taking all that time to get it."—I explained, rather knocked out—"Ah, yes; but they wanted Helen." "Yes," said Perf, "but they might have burnt her by mistake." When I got to Circe and said "she was an enchantress and turned all his companions into pigs."—*Perf*: "Why, Why? I suppose she wanted some bacon." This not as a joke but a prosaic solution of her eccentric conduct. He thought Priam and Hecuba very funny names. Yours affectionately, George."

The following letter welcomed me to the Crabbet Club where, as you know, a group of subsequently illustrious persons enjoyed the hospitality of Wilfrid Blunt, and competed for supremacy in literature and lawn-tennis.

House of Commons,

20/6/'90.

My dear Charles,—

Do you remember my suggesting to you that you should spend Saturday to Monday, July 5-7, at Crabbet, my cousin, Wilfrid Blunt's place? The occasion is a man's party, barring the hostess, Lady Anne Blunt. They meet to play lawn tennis, the piano, the fool and other instruments of Gaiety. To write bouts rimés, sonnets, and make sham orations. The club is "intituled," as we say here, the "Crabbet Club," the rules of which are secret. I may, perhaps, be allowed to betray their character by alluding to one which lays down "that any one becoming a Cabinet Minister or a Bishop ceases ipso facto to be a member." You will find young Radicals and Tories, amateurs of poetry and manly sports. The President presides at dinner in the costume of an Arab Sheikh, and produces sonnets and shrewd observations on man and

nature. The woods grow up in virginal unconsciousness of the axe to the very door. On one side a wilderness sown with Desert plants, and dotted with wild-sown English bushes ; on the other a Sussex Paddock with Arab Brood-mares and their foals. Below in the hollow a pond full of trout on which the swans sleep and swim lazily through the day. The house is over-grown with June roses, and the lawns after dark are very silent and conducive to the complete and satisfactory solution of all problems, moral and æsthetic, by the active brains of young and uninstructed men pacing in the moon-light.

I tried to find you to-day without success, but am writing to say I believe you will come, so please do.

Yours always,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

I went to Crabbet, and was crowned Poet Laureate of the Club in 1891.

His welcome to Ireland after he was made Chief Secretary is dated 17th November, 1900.

"My dear old Charles,—I find that the Government of this country is carried on by continuous conversation. I have now been talking and listening for a week. That is why I am so late in thanking you for your congratulations. I am already intensely interested in my work here. You simply must come and stay with us in January. Nice house, Phoenix Park, divine view of Wicklow Hills, golden and green glamour over everything, Celtic twilight always on tap—Religion, Comparative Mythology, Ethnology round the corner.

Come, my dear, and do Celtic crosses, the Book of Kells, of what you like, provided you come.

Yours affectionately,

GEORGE WYNDHAM."

I went, and I think that on and off I was with you most of the time you lived at the Chief Secretary's Lodge. Indeed I have been working in Ireland ever since.

Five years later he baited the hook, thus :—"Saighton Grange Chester, 18 Aug., '05. My dear Charles,—It was delightful to see your handwriting in a letter to Sibell, and

to know that I shall soon see you. But I insist on more than one day's visit—that is absurd—and I propose that you come on, or AS SOON after Sept. 1st, as you can manage. Cuckoo comes on the first. Try and come 1st or 2nd and stay a few days. I have invaded the upper-room in the Tower—the 'girls' school-room'—eheu fugaces! There I feel like the Greek Tyrant who slept in the top storey and pulled the ladder up after him through a hole in the floor. The room is cleared and white-washed. I retain my own, old lower room also. I started to sort my books on the broad principle of Poetry, Literature, Books of Reference upstairs; History, Politics, Philosophy, Science, downstairs. I found that nine-tenths of the books in each class were *not* in the storey of their ultimate destination, but in the other. So I spent 2½ days on the turret stairs, perspiring freely, with 10 volumes on each journey clasped between my hands and chin. Now order reigns, and it is mighty pleasant.

Hugh Cecil spent some 5 days with me. We discussed most of the centuries and continents; read Poetry, mapped out the future of the Church, and assigned their provinces and ideals to novel combinations of parties in Home Politics. Also we attended day by day, the Polo Tournament organised by Bendor on a basis of 11 teams and 92 ponies.

I wrote a lecture on Ronsard, and delivered it at Oxford in my Doctor's gown. Now I perpend to wait for the seven devils to occupy my swept and garnished life.

I have two offers to write on Shakespeare; an inclination to write a few essays on my own account, and a determination not to join this Government whatever happens.....

I do hope that you will come as early as you can in September, and stay for some days. Yours affectionately,  
GEORGE W."

Of all the welcomes he ever gave me the first is the most deeply planted in my memory. I really did not then know that such young men as he walked about this world. I had seen something of John Ruskin for a few years, and he gave me my first sense of intellectual independence, and a host of ideas—but he was old enough to be my father, and mentally

tired George, on the contrary, was like a restive yearling, and nearly young enough to be my son.

Edmund and Lady May had asked me to Derwent on purpose to meet you both. Introductions by design, like recommendations of books and plays, are often uncertain in the issue. I remember so well clambering down the bank of the river below the mediæval pack-horse bridge, and emerging on to the high-road through a forest of docks, and coming face to face with an open carriage bringing you both to the Hall. A few minutes later we were at tea in Lady May's panelled sitting-room, talking as if we'd known each other for years; indeed I thought we should never stop. By dinner time we had dropped the formality of 'Mr.,' and at two o'clock in the morning we were still exchanging ideas, calling each other by our christian names, sitting on a low wall, up on the moorland, in dress clothes, staring at the stars!

These welcomes never failed for over twenty years, but towards the end they became tinged with a kind of sadness as his environment became more and more complicated. His vitality diminished for fresh paths and intellectual enterprises, and he grew retrospective, and talked about old times and tracks. I was lodging close to you in Park Street in 1912, and he said to me one day at 35, "just come in to whatever meals you can, it is the only leisure, I have, life is flying past me like a dream, and I cling to old friends more and more."

The last fly he threw over me was for the final Christmas he enjoyed on earth:—"35, Park Lane, W., 9, 12, '12. My dear Charles,—I am counting on you for Christmas. What, you may well ask—is Christmas to such as you? I reply (a) I go to Clouds Friday next, 13th, and if I return to House of Commons on Monday, 16th, still (b) I return to Clouds again on Friday, 20th, and stay there till Monday, 30th. So much Asquith permits. Very well then:—Come on the 13th and stay till the 30th, and—if you will—stay on to greet my next return on Friday, 3rd January, 1913, to Monday, the 6th, and so on indefinitely. The 'fat' of the business is between the 20th and 30th, the 'frill' before and after.

It remains to ask and answer 2 questions. (1) Who will be there? No one, but us, for certain, but I have a hope that the Edmund (Talbots), and Mark (Sykes), may come. They are nibbling. A neighbour at our gates has a Chapel of your Faith. And where else CAN they go for so short a time? (2) What will be there? Our old friends the Library, the Windmill, the Chapel, the Plantations, in short the 'Angulus ille' (that nook) and 'interiore nota' (choicest brand). "Nunc Veterum Libris, Nunc somno et inertibus horis," I invite you with me to "Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ"; to taste the Falernian, and pile up the logs on a hearth in a Home. It is very necessary you should do this. There will also be Perkins, and dogs, and close friendship. Yours affectionately, GEORGE W.

P.S.—You needn't *ride* the Horses."

The Latin is from Horace, Satires Book 2/6/'62. The entire passage runs:—"Oh country when shall I behold thee, and when will an old man be allowed to spend the time in sweet forgetfulness of busy life, now with books, and now with sleep and lazy hours."

I think that the humorous inducement indicated in the postscript must have been prompted by Benny, having told him that my stiff carcass had been mounted at Mimizan on an active but somewhat obstinate steed, who pulled me, often quite unexpectedly, up and down the exceedingly steep and crumbling slopes of the huge sand-dunes of the Landes.

Anyway we all met that Christmas as he arranged, renewed the affectionate friendships and recollections of many years, made acquaintance with Mark's rising generation, and then met together no more until we stood round his open grave.

These welcomes are gone, but surely there are others coming, and somehow, and somewhere, we shall again "pour out our trustful hearts unto each other," though for a while I challenge the night air in vain.

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*"I have good cheer at home;  
And I pray you all go with me."*

To earn these welcomes, to deserve and draw them, I did, indeed, always collect and keep for him every fragment of value that I found in literature, art, or the philosophy of life. And when I discovered a prize pearl I pictured myself always in that upper-room in the tower at Saughton, before a bright fire, with lamps burning, the latticed windows round us, opening through ivy-covered sandstone walls, on to the garden, bathed in moonlight; and over all the canopied figure of the Blessed Mother, which has withstood "the wreckful siege of battering days." And we, too, all agog with talk; George, leaping along from crag to crag, traversing all ages and countries, like Winwood Reade, and struggling to unify this overwhelming diversity into some intelligible and hopeful scheme of things.

All I can say is that for me to be there was to be at home. That though I differed with him about religion, politics, and the future of the race, we never exchanged one wounding word. That for a quarter of a century he never wrote or said one syllable that hurt me in any tissue of my being. That if he wanted to change my views or alter my plans, he dealt with me so considerately, so gently, so sweetly, that I can never hope to meet the like on earth again.

I can quite believe that far away up in lofty mountains there are points in the career of the mightiest river where a few blades of grass, or the angle of a rock, may determine whether that vast torrent shall pour itself Westward into the Pacific, or Eastward into the Atlantic. And far away back in the lives of us all there have been turning points of like

importance. Gentle influences, unnoted and unsuspected, guiding our early uncertain steps, and leading us to important issues.

The poet says :—" And what is home, and where, but with the loving ? " Which is quite true as long as the loving are the understanding ; but the nearest blood relationship does not guarantee they shall be, and the discovery that they sometimes are not, is too often a tragedy to the sensitive. But George had been loved and understood by the best of parents, and understanding love is life and sunshine to children.

The hand that rocked George's cradle has lived to lay a wreath upon his grave ; and a heart still beats with love for him within the breast that fed him. I am on sacred ground, and I know it. It is good for us to be here, to be anywhere, with such a mother. His devotion to her was anchored far beyond the natural attachment of child and parent in a deep intellectual respect for her breadth of mind, her sympathy, her gifts, and her generous output. She had made a great home for them all, had furnished it with literature, art, and intellectual friends. Her useful hands had learned so many crafts, that wet days were brightened, and indisposed and resourceless children beguiled by her wealth of contrivance. A few yards of stuff, a few sheets of cardboard and gilt paper, a canvass hanging, a paint-box, a large brush and a pint of water, evolved the theatrical equipment of the Princess, the Ogre, and Belted Knight of the Fairy Tale. Her brain had contrived it all, her hands had fashioned it all, her spirit had revealed to them all that there were giants to be slain, enemies to be overcome, and castles to be defended. She tied his first wooden sword around George's waist, and when he went forth to actual battle, her eager eyes scanned the telegrams from the Nile, and her faithful hands treasured for posterity the letters he sent home.

Every path and bed and border of the garden at Clouds is fertile with her taste and knowledge, every room in the house is decorated by her touch. George loved to be surrounded by the drawings she had made of homes in which they had previously lived, and more than once quoted Ruskin's

famous passage about the sanctity of home when he was looking at them :—

“ There is a sanctity in a good man’s house which cannot be renewed in every tenement that rises on its ruins ; and I believe that good men would generally feel this ; and that having spent their lives happily and honourably, they would be grieved, at the close of them, to think that the place of their earthly abode, which had seen, and seemed almost to sympathise in, all their honour, their gladness, or their suffering—that this, with all the record it bore of them, and of all material things that they had loved and ruled over, and set the stamp of themselves upon—was to be swept away, as soon as there was room made for them in the grave ; that no respect was to be shown to it, no affection felt for it, no good to be drawn from it by their children ; that though there was a monument in the Church, there was no warm monument in the hearth and house to them ; that all that they ever treasured was despised, and the places that had sheltered and comforted them were dragged down to the dust. I say that a good man would fear this ; and that, far more, a good son, a noble descendant, would fear doing it to his father’s house.”

Do you remember how scrupulous he was about alterations at Clouds, always considering them with reference to what his father would have wished, or his mother might approve ? During the last two years he thought and talked a good deal about fresh developments on the Clouds estate. He and I often discussed intensive culture, co-operation, and the scientific treatment of poor English land ; and Mark and he had one or two good talks about the bettering of the Labourers’ position. But in all this he was very cautious, because he felt that putting the Clouds estate on a business footing meant modifying the traditional and rather feudal lines upon which his father had moved. He disliked the transition from custom to contract and its influence on employers and employed.

He was a real old-fashioned Tory in his devotion to persons, and clung to all that that means in the mutual rela-

tions between master and servant, landlord and tenant. His father had bought the estate as a country home, not as a land speculation, and George loved the idea of the country gentleman with private means owning and farming lands, and helping in county and parochial government, and preserving a cultured influence in the neighbourhood. At the same time he recognised that great hardships had fallen upon farmers and labourers on estates where owners had held on after their economic resources were exhausted. He also felt that full justice was not being done to the land by old methods of cultivation and distribution, and at the tenants' dinner that last Christmas, when I was present, he made a speech clearly showing that the idea of organising some sort of co-operative movement had taken a firm hold in his mind.

He used to say to me "Let us go to Clouds, and farm, and write books, and dig up prehistoric man." Indeed it was all arranged with Detmar that we were to open trenches across the ancient British Village on the estate last summer. For the past two years I had been collecting neolithic implements on his fields, and he insisted on my telling his tenants all about them at the Christmas dinner.

There are places on this earth which seem burnt into one's memory because they have been the scenes of some particular enlightenment. Certain things said to me by John Ruskin at Brantwood, are inseparably associated with the room where he wrote, and the garden where we worked. Our vivid realization of such spots is no doubt owing to an intense consciousness at that time and place of a step forward in our spiritual career. It may be a vague emotion only, "a sunset touch," light in the west below a bank of dark cloud, or the sight of land at night after weeks at sea, but we are never quite the same after we have experienced a deep feeling of this kind, and the place where it happens is inseparably bound up with it. It was a light-house off the coast of Corsica that inspired "Lead kindly Light." George was most susceptible to emotions of this kind, and has left me a legacy of places glorified by such experiences. The end of the garden at Derwent where he read to me Patmore's

Ode to the Blessed Virgin, "The Child's Purchase." The smoking-room at Derwent where he and Alfred Lyttelton and myself chose passages in turn from a Globe Shakespeare, and I read the Duke of Exeter's description to the King of the death of York and Suffolk on the field of Agincourt, and Alfred reminded me of it twenty years afterwards; the mediæval pack-horse bridge over the Derwent, from which we gazed into the peat-stained stream and tried to find the right epithets for its sound and colour; the low wall up the moorlands looking down upon the Hall. The angle end of the garden wall at Saughton looking west over the Cheshire plain on to Moel Famma. The low seats below the rose garden by the two poplars which you and he planted near the round ring of farm-yard stones. The way across Hyde Park from 35 Park Lane to Kensington Gardens. The beech plantation above the house at Clouds, the Riviera walk along the western slope beyond the wind-mill, and the plain towards Pertwood where he came to find me flinting. It was here he said this, and there we talked of that, or sat silent, and let the spell work. These places are all sacred to his memory in my heart, and I hope to see them all again, and love them the better for the glory he has given to them, although I frankly confess that it needs courage when I remember that he will be there no more. Do you remember Ruskin on this?

"Morning breaks as I write, along those Coniston Fells, and the level mists, motionless and grey beneath the rose of the moorlands, veil the lower woods, and the sleeping village, and the long lawns by the lake shore. Oh, that some one had but told me, in my youth, when all my heart seemed to be set on these colours and clouds, that appear for a little while and then vanish away, how little my love of them would serve me, when the silence of lawn and wood in the dews of morning should be completed; and all my thoughts should be of those whom, by neither I was to meet more."

When one begins to think of your home at Saughton how many recollections crowd the memory! Can we ever forget our expeditions to the splendid tomb of that mellowed

mediæval free-booting warrior, Sir Hugh de Calveley in Bunbury Church, and George's enthusiasm over the Knight's recumbent figure in complete armour? It stirred his imagination to see and handle the alabaster effigy, touched with colour, of this sturdy old soldier, who had fought most of his days in France, had been Governor of Calais, was one of the witnesses, along with Chaucer, in the Scrope and Grosvenor trial about the right to bear the Bend Or, and then returned late in life to Cheshire, to establish a College, and end his days in peace and piety.

And then Saighton itself, how George loved every old stone in the fabric and fortress walls, and delighted in all the many efforts you and England made to restore the ancient bastions, not only along the front drive, but away at the back down the lane which separates you from the farm. His taste as to flowers and plants was governed by association and refinement. The first burst of green spears out of the brown earth, the glistening celandine in the spring sunshine, these touched him to the quick. He delighted also in the many tribes of delicate and lovely rock-garden plants that crowded the walls and paved ways outside the drawing-room windows.

In November, 1907, he wrote to me:—"You will marvel at the excavations which Sibell and the gardener have made at the entrance here on the left after coming in by the gate. It was a bank thickly crowded with shrubs. But—and here is the point—the wall which you remember on the top of the rock along the road from Chester outside, turns sharp to the left at the gate and runs along the top of the live rock inside. Well, we have excavated and disclosed both, leaving three bastions, revelled with stone, to retain the best of the flowering trees, as lilac, cornel and maple. This enhances the 'rock and fortress' note of the ancient Abbot's country seat.

The work reminded me of old days along the 'Abbot's Walk,' and lends force to my insistence on a visit from you. I understand the weariness of your enterprise. So am I weary to death of my politics. All the more reason is there for re-affirming old days and old ways. One phrase of Walter

Scott struck me hard. He is writing to one of a band of early companions, and speaks of the others as 'all now sequestered or squandered.' So it is. Some go to the Empire's extremities and others toil in tunnels at home.

And now I must toil. 'Man goeth forth to his labour.'

Yours ever,

GEORGE WYNDHAM."

I know you always felt as I did that he was indeed 'worthy of' Saighton, and that is a high compliment as far as tower and window, and shrine are concerned. The fact is he had brought with him from Clouds his mother's unerring instinct about homes made with hands. He and I would often try to analyse the faculty in certain people that enables them to adorn the surface of this round earth with trees, and fields, and roads, and ponds, and gardens and houses, without doing violence to nature. If we knew what that faculty is, what a lot we should know! I think it must be derived from a right understanding of nature. Animals don't go and destroy a landscape with vulgar residences. The "feathered people of the air" don't insult the woods, why should we? The aborigines make no mistakes in colour till they work for us. What is wrong with our civilisation? It is not the poor who have committed these atrocities. The needy peasantry of Ireland, Wales and Scotland fit themselves often enough into landscape without a jar. Nor are these horrors confined to the commercial classes, some of the nobility are the greatest offenders.

Whenever George and I talked about Clouds or Saighton, or Wilsford, or Mimizan, considerations such as these always turned up, and I think we generally drifted back into the same anchorage. (1) That a right understanding of nature is the root of the matter. (2) That nature is always just simply herself, becoming *what* she is, *where* she is, and not erecting marble Indian ball-rooms in Yorkshire. (3) That nature is organic, that is, has 'grow'd' like Topsy, and that no growth is the same two inches running, but is always infinitely varied, so that cast bricks and tiles and symmetrical machine-made building gear, all and sundry, is the very

dickens. (4) That all natural growth is purposeful, as purposeful as hands and feet, so that useless ornament, which serves neither beauty nor purpose is vulgar excrescence. "It's all in Ruskin," George used to say, "but why doesn't Detmar go round lecturing?"

Saughton was very dear to George as the real homestead of your married life, and of your children. I do not believe Bendor or Percy will ever feel so much at home anywhere as there. Though people are said to 'live on their property,' often enough, as far as children are concerned, their property lives on them, haunts them in dreams, floats through their imagination when they are tired, and is a dictionary to which they are always referring. What is more common than to hear them say, "That smell how well I remember it!—Of course, the apple-room over the coach-house at home." And then the smell of the potting-shed, who is going to forget that? or the smell of the cow-house, or the scent of the wall-flower and the lavender. Who can forget the extraordinary cosyness of the saddle-room, or the very spot, near the heap of decaying leaf mould, and alongside the bundles of garden pea-sticks, where a few stray snow-drop bulbs pushed their green blades through the cold earth before their comrades in the garden beds? And who can forget the coming of the crocus and one's overwhelming desire to talk to it? Added to which you must remember that your children grew up at Saughton seeing it each year at a fresh level. We 'grown ups' who walk about the world with eyes and noses high in air, miss most of the fauna and flora of hedge bottoms; see little of the minnows and stickle-backs among the stones of the murmuring streams; are strangers to the old parrot-stands and portmanteaus that strew the floors of the attics; and know nothing accurately about the bottles, boxes and jars on the lower shelves of the cupboards round the house-keeper's room; these secrets are reserved for those who are on 'how-d'ye-do' terms with the black retriever, whose noses are level with his.

The fact is our native homestead is the scene of our first presentation to everything; all that grows in gardens, and

swims in streams and ponds ; all that flies and crawls, and jumps, and stings and bites, and nobody can ever forget their introductions to wasps and newts, tadpoles, or bull-heads. So don't let us talk about battue shooting of hundreds of indolent pheasants, pushed up into air by sticks and screams, when we can recall long late autumn afternoons with that dear old fox-terrier (God rest him), with the splendid sunset blazing on the big ponds of water in the big Cheshire grass fields, and the plop of the water rat, and the cry of the moorhen, and the speck of white that revealed the retreating rabbit ; and the wonder of it all, each day a fresh voyage of discovery ; and George in from hunting when they got back, and the spike-tailed smell-dog lying before the fire coated with clay, but yapping in dreams where he pursues once more the elusive white speck. These children of yours may live to be a hundred, but they won't forget any of this, nor live to see any place as they saw Saighton, nor ever love any dogs like those at Saighton—not even excepting that tangled skein of disorganised wool which I christened “The London and North-Western Waste.” Nor will they ever forget how George entered into all their juvenile games with imaginative zest. How he played robbers with the girls and Bendor on horse-back, lit bonfires for Percy, and loved to build a snowman in a seasonable winter. And then of course places are rendered still more sacred to us if they are the scenes of early tragedies. Master Percy must learn to ride, and then he must go out hunting, and then comes the tragedy. I was in Rome hymn-hunting in the Vatican, and the library of the Academia. Suddenly the news was burst upon me in the following letter from George. Knowing what I knew about these two, and feeling as I felt about George's tremendous love for your only child, I was, for a while really miserable.

Saighton,

6th Nov., '95

My dear Charles,—

What can you think of my silence ? I postponed my reply until my return here from visiting ; but—you will sorrow with us to hear—no sooner was I back than my little Percy

was severely injured by a fall from his pony. His thigh is broken and alas! very near the socket. Dear Charles, I cannot tell you what the last 48 hours have been; but now there is a lull in the fearful pain. I was more than an hour with him on the ground, alone, before help came. I can't think of it without strangling. Then I got him on to a plank and into a cart. His courage and beauty made it harder not to break down. As I carried the plank into the house, after all that pain and cold and fear of the unknown, he hailed Cuckoo with a cheery voice as he passed her.

I cut him out of his little clothes and boots, for he would allow no one else to touch him. When the Doctor said it was his thigh I broke down, but I pulled myself together for I was the one person he trusted, and stood by him while he took the ether, and pulled his poor beautiful little leg while they set it; and yesterday I held him fast with two hands for 14 hours while he rode out the storm of pain. His Mother, thank God! was away until late last night when the very worst was over.

Yesterday was more terrible than any horror I had ever imagined; but, it brought us together in such a fire of agony that I believe to-day, as I have never yet been able to believe that neither death nor any eternity after death can ever part me from my little beautiful child. He believed that my hands helped him, and fixed his fever-bright eyes on mine with love and trust even as the paroxysms came on, calling out "hold me tighter, Papa, hold me tighter, here it comes." Well to-day, he is not in such pain, and I have never felt such gratitude to God! Dear Charles! forgive all this..... Yours ever, GEORGE WYNDHAM.

I confess I've had to pull myself together to copy this supreme out-pouring of unselfish love and devotion. I wrote to him from Rome as best I could. What I said seems to have touched you all, for which I was thankful; for sympathy is something, it does lighten our burdens if others share them. A few days later I got better news.

Saughton, Chester,

13th November, 1895.

My dear Charles,—

I prize your letter, and at once write to say that we are much happier about our little Perf. Grateful, indeed, to-day past all expression of gratitude, for we are over, and well over, the day I dreaded most of all. Yesterday they put him under ether again, and re-set the thigh on a bent rest, in order to bring the lower fragment into line with the upper one, which is pulled upward by muscles. I have been dreading this almost to the point of physical sickness for the last week. Well! it was done *beautifully* by the surgeons, and, to my unspeakable joy he has had no renewal of the muscular spasms and pain. I never dared hope for so much, and it seems a miracle; and is one truly. So now we have only to make him happy, and to hope that in the end his leg will be a limb worthy of him. He sends you his 'best love,' and Sibell sends her love, and we are all touched by your letter and wish we could see you.

He is a gallant little fellow. After all he has had to go through he went into action like a hero, calling out "good-bye, Mamma" in a muffled voice under the mouth-cap, and waving his little hand to her with a cheery flourish.

As you say, we cannot understand these things, but I begin to see that Pain is the parent of Love. If there were no pain, or dread of pain, in the world, there would be little love. I felt my love of him roaring up to heaven like a great fire fanned by a hurricane as I looked on his agony.

But no more of this. All is now well, *much better* than I hoped, and the nightmares of apprehension are beginning to leave me."

Later on he sent me another note confirming the satisfactory restoration of Percy's leg:—Saughton, 26th August. Dear old Charles,—One word of friendship and affection to go with the enclosed claim on friendship. Write to me soon, and *do* come and see us. The Perf is at his very best, and—let me write it with reverent thanks—he is riding again with—

out the faintest trace of nervousness ; galloping over the fields like Jackanapes, with his cap well on the back of his dear round head."

Of course when one saw Perfoo as he appears here, in white open-work frock and silk sash, gazing with wide Irish eyes into the mysterious camera, looking for all the world like an incipient "bruiser," about to clench his fists for the next round, one could understand George's idolatry. Thanks be to God George saw him baptized, witnessed his marriage, and the two enjoyed five and twenty years of unalloyed filial and parental love.

That Percy should love riding, and learn to ride well was George's great ambition for him. Three years before the accident George wrote to his sister :—

Saighton Grange,  
Chester,

September 25th, 1892.

Darling Pamela,—

I must write you one line about Perfoo's riding. The day before yesterday he went out for the first time, boy-saddle on Cuckoo's old grey pony, led, of course, by a man on foot. He has a perfect seat, erect without any sign of constraint. He looked, in fact, like a good rider coming in from hunting quite at his ease. I was really astonished to see his legs drop naturally into position, stirrup iron on the ball of his foot, reins held in left hand after once shewing, and little crop neatly caught in the right. I walked alongside. He talked the whole time about foxes and coverts and the prospects of sport, and did not seem to be aware that he was high up from the ground, or that there was any occasion for nervousness. Even when the pony turned rather briskly to go home he did not tighten his hold on the reins or stop talking. All he said when he came in was : " I don't suppose many little boys ride such a big pony as that." He is only to ride a very short time, 20 minutes, every day, so as not to tire his thighs. He at once took possession of all the saddlery in succession to Bendor. " This is my saddle now, isn't it? All this harness is mine." And to the groom, " Where are the reins

I had when I was a baby ? ” “ At home in the saddle-room.” “ What will they be for now ? I suppose they’ll do if another little boy comes ! Won’t they ? Won’t they ? ” Repeated to the obvious embarrassment of his attendant.

When we came in we took a walk in the garden and noticed the chestnut leaves turning yellow. I said : “ And in the winter they’ll all be gone.” “ Yes,” said Perfoo, “ and you don’t see many lying on the ground. They go up somewhere. I don’t know where, do you ? ” I think he was trying to fit the leaves into the scheme of metempsychosis with perpetual rebirth, which is at present the religion to which he adheres. The leaves, doubtless, go up somewhere and come down again to have another good time, just as the soul does in his opinion.

Love to all,

Your loving brother,

GEORGE.

Saighton,

October 10th, 1892.

Darling Pamela,—

I had a great burst of writing yesterday, finishing my Dedication of the Ronsard translations, at a sitting 4 till 8.30 in the evening. Whether from excitement, or indigestion following on hunger and excess (I think the former), I could not sleep, and lying awake this little song came into my head at about four o’clock this morning. Mamma may like it, as I borrow her name for Perfoo, and you, on account of your patriotic proclivities :—

I.

Heart’s Delight is five years old,  
 And rides an old white pony,  
 With the easy seat of a rider bold,  
 By grassy ways and stony.  
 In crimson cap and crimson gown,  
 He rides his pony up and down.



*Per'ce*



2.

Heart's Delight is five years old,  
 His face is fresh and sunny,  
 His English hair just touched with gold  
 Amidst a browner honey,  
 And English eyes of deepest blue,  
 Whose courage looks you through and through.

3.

Heart's Delight believes the Sea  
 Was made for him to paddle ;  
 He also firmly holds that he  
 Was born into the saddle,  
 By right of Saxon blood and Norse  
 To Kingdom of the Sea and Horse.

4.

Of all the blessings given me  
 By Heaven, I prize rather,  
 Above all other gifts, to be  
 A simple English father  
 Of one more little English lad  
 Alive to make his country glad.

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I have got a tune in my head for "Heart's Delight,"  
 which I shall now try to pick out on the piano.

Love to all

Your loving Brother,

GEORGE,

P.S.—Here is the music as well as I can write it. But the  
 time always bothers me.

And fifteen years later in a letter to Pamela he says :—  
 "It is jolly to find that 20 years cannot abate one's huge  
 delight in riding to hounds ; and the added joy of seeing Perf  
 always in the first flight and often cutting out the work is  
 exquisite. If I can keep my place of old days I am pleased—  
 like a boy. If he beats me I am in the seventh heaven."

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Needless to say I took no part or lot in these out-door dangers. I once went out hunting, I don't mind telling you in confidence, but I don't think that any one concerned with the matter, not even the horse, and certainly not myself, was keen that the experiment should be repeated. George induced me to learn the bicycle, and I got on sufficiently well to make several short expeditions with him, but here again the control was too uncertain. The only thing that could be absolutely relied upon was my incurable tendency to steer straight into any moving object coming towards me along the road.

Nevertheless, when George and I were talking alone during the long two hours between dark and dinner on a winter's afternoon, he would often expand freely on the advantages of hunting, never as far as I can remember from a huntsman's point of view, but always on its recreative aspect. I don't think that outwitting the fox formed any part of his interest in the matter. What he loved was "the rapture of the revel as it sweeps across the plain." His riding was thought to be brave, bordering on reckless. What he always enlarged upon to me when he got home was the physical joy of the thing, the swift movement, and the extraordinary exhilaration which comes from an ample oxygenation of the blood. To him all this was a real recreation, and set up a physical and mental glow. He would sit down in front of the fire and demand music, or he would describe the beautiful lights upon the Broxton Hills, or a glorious sunset behind Moel Famma.

He wrote to a great friend of his in 1910:—"I have hunted with beagles at 8 a.m. in the morning and played lawn tennis after polo in the evening. I never felt so well in all my life and am black, blue, purple, green, yellow, and soot colour with bruises on both sides from my waist down to my ankles. I finished up yesterday by my pony's legs slipping away as I turned, so he squashed me just in front of the Queen of Spain. But it didn't hurt me in the least, or

shake me a bit. You see I am writing about myself too—just a happy animal Centaur-self, that rejoiced to be able to gallop for an hour without getting out of breath.”

“ I love the small book (*Barrie's Tribute to George Meredith on his death*), I had not seen it before. I think you know that all who love Life are immortal. And that is why I loved your letter as much as the small book. It is a brave letter and clear as the crystal weather that helped to inspire it.

I have been in bed with congestion of the lungs, but am well again and my spirits bounding up. It is good for me to be sent to bed once in 10 years or so. For afterwards I whiz off into the blue like a stone out of a catapult.... Now I feel like a bird and could sing all day ; do indeed hum and dance instead of walking, and I turn all this exuberance as a charm in your direction, so that you shall sing too.

Out in the air again  
 Over the downs !  
 How the wind drowns  
 Body and brain ;  
 Hums in my ears,  
 Blinds me with tears,  
 Washing the world of the dead Winter's stain.  
 Spring winds are here again,  
 Scouring the world,  
 See the dust whirl'd  
 Over the plain ;  
 Cleansing the mind  
 Foully confined  
 Day after day in the prison of pain.  
 Listen ! the lark again  
 Sings where the skies  
 Dazzle our eyes ;  
 Oh, how he strains,  
 Sharper than sight,  
 Pierces the height,  
 Tingles from Heaven, like glittering rain.”

And up to the end riding meant very much to him, and he had a very human interest in his favourite horses, as, indeed, he had in all animals, especially in the silver pheasant at Clouds who was inspired with undying hatred of the motor-car, and rushed to it, and pecked at it violently everytime it came to the door. This elegant oriental I met lately with Pamela in a fir wood up at Glen, in magnificent plumage, very companionable, walking along and apparently talking in an under-tone to himself; possibly about his wife recently arrived from the Stores.

Sometimes when I went into the room where George was writing, he'd say: "This is one of Percy's dogs. He follows me everywhere. He likes my day, my room and my fire. I have to keep on letting him in and out, but he's very affectionate"

There was another of Percy's Sealyhams at Clouds, not the "mother of many," but the lady with a black patch over one eye, and the opposite ear cocked up, who invariably turned upside down on the sofa, and pushed her paws out whenever she was affectionately spoken to. I can see George sitting beside her, in his Cheshire hunt coat, waiting for the guests to come down to dinner, and touching her paws lightly with his fingers, and saying: "This is the sentimental one."

It is a great joy to me that this dear little Bunny is now your constant companion. She has an exquisite temperament, and most peaceful ways, alone, in the house, with you; but about the domain at Eaton, and in company with the more dissolute dachshunds, she flings herself into the chase with the most abandoned recklessness, disappearing up drains and down rabbit holes, to the despair of her guardian.

I think George's whole attitude towards animals was coloured by his desire to domesticate the entire species. He often asked me why nothing had been done since prehistoric times to draw wild creatures into friendship with man. Here are two characteristic letters of his to his niece and sister about horses and birds:—



*"Heart's Delight"*



Clouds,

East Knoyle,

Salisbury,

4th September, 1911

Darling little Clare,—

I loved your letter and the Equestrian portrait. I shall frame it and keep it in my room. It is very good and natural.

Percy and I have 8 hunters here. They love being visited. When they hear my steps, out comes a long row of long faces on long necks over the bars of loose-boxes. Then they rub me with their noses and think in their dear, slow, puzzled way about hunting; remembering dimly that there is something else in life more glorious than eating.

On Wednesday to their huge surprise at 6 o'clock in the morning they will see the Hounds and the Hunt Servants' liveries. Then they will remember it all distinctly, and give a little squeak of joy and throw a buck. But the summer flies will remind them that it is only cub-hunting, and their slow thoughts will revolve back to the cool comfort of their stables. But on Thursday Terence and Cardinal will say 'Hullo, going by train, are we?' and get into horse-boxes by force of habit. When they get out in the evening they will think they are going to their stable at Saighton, and wonder why they are ridden to Eaton. Then they will see white tents and remember the call of trumpets and the other glory of mimic war, and 'the thunder of the Captains and the Shouting.' So they will be very happy doing the things that their ancestors did with Man's ancestors 15,000 years ago. For the men of the first Stone Age drew some excellent portraits of long-faced horses on the tusks of mammoths; and, we must suppose, loved the horses.

Terence and Cardinal will feel that it is wise to go on doing what horses have learned in 5,000 generations to do. They feel this. They will not think it, for they are happier than philosophers and feel things—an art which philosophers lose the knack of. They will see, and smell, and hear that, in camp, there are as many horses as men, and be very proud of the equality, and of the number of horses all pawing the

ground and grunting together. When the silver-throated trumpets blow 'Feed' they will all neigh together; partly because they are always ready to eat; but, also, because they feel a strange thrill in their slow brains when one sound makes them remember one thing distinctly; the strange thrill that Man felt when he was learning to speak.

The next morning when the trumpet sings 'Troops right wheel'—round they will go—so suddenly that the recruit—more ignorant than they—will nearly tumble off on the near side. Thus, again, will they feel the joy of companionship with Man, heightened by generous emulation in the Arts of Peace and War.

Your loving Uncle,

GEORGE.

35, Park Lane,

16th March, 1908.

Most darling Pamela,—

I have been thinking of you constantly and taking comfort from scraps of news. And I have been meaning to write news to you, since that is all I can do whilst you are imprisoned by this detestable scourge and worried by the baby's illness. But, first, I had to give anything the chance of happening, either to me, or in me, which I could conceivably write about. It was inconceivable that I should write about the House of Commons; and I lived there till last Saturday, then I broke out.

In the afternoon I went to the Zoo with Sibell....I chose the Zoo. There were other suggestions, as, a performance of Pilgrim's Progress, and a Concert at the Queen's Hall. But I needed air and life, preferably of a primitive kind, so I chose the Zoo in spite of Sibell's remark that I ought to wait until we could go with children. I wanted to go for myself and, specially to look at Birds. When flying from men, I avoid monkeys and addict myself to birds. (Parrots are not birds; and are useless to one escaped from the House of Commons. "O! for the wings of a dove" is in aspiration that does not waft me to the voices of parrots).

I went to the real, bird-like birds, who live in a row, just to the right after entering the Gardens. These birds are like our birds—in a dream, or a Grimm's Fairy Story. Naturally, many of them are blue; others are green, or orange, or earth-colour, and one was crimson. Yet they are not macaws, or toucans, or other monstrosities. They are Thrushes, Starlings, Doves, Robins Partridges and Quails, but of slimmer shape and brighter colour than our birds. And some are mixtures of these, and some are distinct—but comparable—such as Minas, Bower-birds and Weaver-birds. And all are alert and happy and vocal, as they said in the xviii<sup>th</sup> century.

The front of the first cage was a Kate Greenaway tree, a box—the stem 3 feet 6 high, the spreading top four feet wide. I stepped round the corner and in the heart of the green there sat, and looked at me, a thrush, the colour of an orange. There he sits and sings; as yellow as Walter Crane's Yellow Dwarf. There were miniature doves and quails, no larger than wood-wrens, or small pebbles in the desert. And there was one Mina—not the plump, fat, Indian sort of Mina—but slim as a shuttle and parti-coloured, black and yellow. His name is 'George.' He loves mankind. He—like Lord Nelson—knows no fear. He sat on my fingers and the keeper put him into his pocket. As I walked away I saw him in close conversation with two little red-haired girls, who had walked straight out of a Holman Hunt picture. He does all this from love, or mere absence of fear. But these two gifts are almost one. Mere absence of fear carries a delicacy denied to the appetite of gazelles, however graciously embellished by melting eyes and insinuating approach.

Now, the keeper of these birds, has a great contempt for America. 'They call that a 'blue bird'—the common 'blue bird' of America; but it's a robin.' And one sees, by the profile and beak, that it is a robin. Or, again, 'They call that a robin, but it's a thrush.' And one sees that it is a thrush; only with a red breast, and very big, and, so, called a robin by Americans. This keeper pierced the facile deceit of the large and obvious. He made a profound observation on Americans—apologetically—'But they were very ignorant

when they went there.' Thus did he dismiss and forgive the Pilgrim Fathers, with an 'Ite missa est.' So much and no more for the Pilgrim Fathers who landed on the Plymouth rock. But what of their descendants? They are still ignorant. They class by superficial resemblance, and claim because of size. Some day they will produce an American Bible, much bigger than our Bible, and as like it as a thrush is to a robin.

From the birds I went to the elephants. I detest half-measures and compromises—after a fortnight in the House of Commons. The birds are beside man's life. This the Romans knew when they wrote 'ubi aves ibi angeli'—'where there are birds, there are angels.' But the elephants are before man's life. They are primeval and sacrosanct. Yet they like to be fed; even on biscuits. A due attention to Birds and Elephants, to the volatile and monumental, inures one to time and prepares one for eternity. We have the elephants' glacier-like progression towards a geological museum, and the bird's swift dip and high quiver of indomitable song. Both are for ever falling, at different paces and angles; as Lucretius declared in six books; crystallised by the French in one phrase—'La chute des choses.'

But, for me, the yellow thrush singing in the green bush and the fearlessness of George are immortal. And, if for me, then for everybody, for ever. I say to both, 'Thou wast not meant for Death, Immortal Bird, No hungry generations tread thee down.' I cannot say so much for the gazelles. Yet because they are beautiful, though voracious, I will give them immortality.

But, darling Pameló, the last thing I meant to do was to moralize. I went to the Zoo to escape morality.

In the evening we dined with Lettice and with Beauchamp. It was a pleasing entertainment—not unlike the Zoo. For we had ambassadors and ministers of many nations suddenly caged in surprising contiguity, with their wives. It was not too, unlike the Zoo. I have dropped into poetry—like Silas Wegg.....

This morning—still in pursuit of a holiday—I walked through Hyde Park.....I saw them (two workmen) leaning one against the end the other against the wheel of a large barrow. They were motionless figures in the wind-swept variety of the Park in March. It was not a landscape animated by figures, but a group of two statues animated by wind-waved branches. As I advanced they seemed larger—in accordance with the law of perspective—but they did not move. Nor, do I think, that they spoke. But, as I passed the group, they spoke, without moving. And this is what they said, for I heard them. First Workman to second Workman—‘ Well, Sir, I think it’s time that we should do something.’ Second Workman to First—‘ Right you are, and what would be better than half a pint of Beer.’ They are one with the Penguins and Gazelles—putting beer for fishes and buns. We cannot all be birds or elephants. We cannot all be swift or wise. But some can sing. And I do wish I could sing to you, Darling, in your cage, of ‘ the Dædal Earth and the dancing stars ’—For all life is good and eternal.

Your devoted Brother,

GEORGE.

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One of the most delightful memories of old days at Saigh-ton were our expeditions to Hawarden. Several years before I had had charge of Mr. Gladstone’s collection of porcelain in Liverpool, and had met him at Knowsley, and talked with him about what I think the disastrous influence of Josiah Wedgwood upon the old English ‘ slip ’ ware, of which Lord Derby had one or two good local specimens. Later on I stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone at Iwerne, and experienced the extraordinary fascination of his powerful personality. I can see George now sitting opposite to me at the lunch table at Hawarden listening to Mr. Gladstone discoursing on the huge development of over-sea steamship transit—“ Very different, Sir, from when I as a boy took letters for India to Messrs. Earle’s office for my father, and put them in a bag,

hanging behind the office door from which I was told they might or might not emerge during the following three months."

It was on this occasion that George began to interest Mr. Gladstone in my discoveries among old Vernacular Italian hymn books. Mr. Gladstone gave me a penetrating look of sceptical enquiry—"I had no idea, Sir, there were such things; surely the Church of Rome has always discouraged any kind of public devotional literature in the Vernacular? Can there be anything of merit among them?" I was asked to read one of them to him:—

*FELICITA VERA, E SICURA IN  
PARADISO.*

Se questa valle di miserie piena  
Par così amena, e vaga, or che sia quella  
Beata, e bella region di pace,  
Patria verace.

Se questo tempestoso Mar di pianto  
Par dolce tanto, a chi con fragil barca  
Errando il varca, qual gioia, e contorto  
Sarà nel porto!

Se grato é 'l campo, ove'il crudel nemico  
Per odio antico guerra ogn'or ci muove  
Che sia lá, dove al vincitor si dona  
L'alta Corona?

Deh lasciam dunque questa oscura valle  
Che'l dritto calle della via smarrita  
Cristo n'addita, e dice: O Pellegrino  
Ecco il cammino!

Prendi la Croce, e dietro a me t'invia,  
Io son la via, e sono il vero Duce,  
Che ne conduce alla Cittá supeina,  
Di gloria eterna.

A day or two after our visit to Hawarden I received a letter asking me to send Mr. Gladstone a copy of the above, to which I added the following admirable translation by Father John O'Connor, which follows the original, even to the cross rhymes:—

*THE SURE AND CERTAIN JOYS OF THE PARADISE  
OF GOD.*

If this poor vale, with helpless sorrow teeming  
Is so fair-seeming, ah! What shall it be,  
Th' unstinted glee of yonder home-land blest,  
Our lonely soul's safe nest!

If this unrestful sea of stormy weeping  
At times is sleeping, when in vessel frail  
We spread our sail, to course it o'er and o'er,—  
How calm the sheltered shore!

If 'tis a pleasant field where foe so cruel  
His ancient duel deals relentlessly,—  
What peace shall be, when we at last put on  
Th' eternal crown hard-won!

Oh! let us leave this valley grey and dreary,  
For we are weary with vain journeying,  
And Christ our King points out: "O sheep astray!  
Behold the only way!

Take up your cross with me, and leave the byway,  
I am the Highway, and the only guide  
Who gain, betide what will, yon City white  
Of endless pure delight!"

Apropos of Mr. Gladstone, George used to love a story Alfred Lyttelton told me of his brother's visit to Hawarden, when he joined his uncle walking alone in the garden, and the two went up the slope towards the old keep. Passing a large walnut tree Edward Lyttelton said to Mr. Gladstone, "Now I don't remember that walnut tree being as large as that, and what a crop of nuts! I've forgotten, Uncle William, whether you like walnuts." Mr. Gladstone, with some solemnity, "Edward, I have not eaten a walnut now for sixty-eight and a half years"—and then with some sadness—"Nor indeed a nut of any kind!"

When told by Alfred, with deep sonorous tones, it was inexpressibly droll. And Alfred venerated Mr. Gladstone, as George did, as we all did, knowing full well that we shall never see anything like that again. I have always over my desk a wonderful photograph of him taken shortly before he died, sitting in profile writing at a table, absorbed, and unconscious of everything but the work in hand, and the lateness of the hour!

Another place we visited was Beeston Castle. Here George was in his element. Armed with the main outlines of Viollet le Duc's thesis "*La Forteresse*" he brought the hill to life again in the various stages of its military occupation, British, Roman, and Mediæval, and did his best to date the confused masses of fallen masonry. The last time we were there, if you remember, I had the luck to see lying on the path a small dark stone of unusual material in a sandstone country. Mark and his Lady were climbing the slope above us. I told George to pick up the stone, for I feared if I took it up he might think that I had brought it with me and was playing a practical joke on him. So he picked it up and found it to be a perfectly formed dark flint arrow head. His delight knew no bounds, and he locked it away so securely that he never had it at hand when he wanted to show it to anyone.

And then Chester! What joy that gave him. The Roman baths, the altars, the groined roofs. St. John's Church, and the town itself, with its wonderful walls, and old world streets. Do you remember too, our expedition to Carden, the pony-trap across the fields, George's delight in the poplars and willows, the old black and white house (since burnt down), the portrait of the Duke of Guise in the drawing-room, and George's excitement over the fragment of a Caxton he found in the smoking-room, and old Mr. Leach's sacrilegious chaff, "That's the sort of stuff we light our pipes with," and his description of watching the old mother fox 'boxing' down the dung-beetles for her cubs in an evening?

He took me down to Eaton, I remember, when I first came to you, to show me the Roman columns and altar in

the garden, the altar dedicated by the 20th Legion to "The Nymphs and Fountains," found in Great Boughton in a field, "surrounded by abundant springs of fine water." And then into the library to see the early manuscript of *Piers Plowman*, and the large collection of Civil War tracts.

It was on a Sunday afternoon that he walked with me for the first time to see the new Church at Eccleston, one of the most beautiful modern ecclesiastical buildings in England. Service was going on, and he sat with me away at the back, I think almost under the tower. The choir was chanting his favourite Psalm, the 104th, full of wonderful imaginative praise, the second half of each verse answering to the first in antiphonal rhythm, now repeating, now accentuating, and now expanding the meaning.

"Thou deckest Thyself with light as it were with a garment :

And spreadest out the heavens like a curtain."

"O Lord how manifold are Thy works :

In wisdom hast Thou made them all ; the earth is full of Thy riches."

He talked about this as we walked home across the grass fields, and asked me if I had read Christina Rossetti's poem engraved on a brass heart-shaped plate let into the Church wall just over my head. I had, and saw it then for the first time :—

"Remember me when I am gone away,  
Gone far away into the silent land ;  
When you can no more hold me by the hand,  
Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.  
Remember me when no more day by day  
You tell me of our future that you planned ;  
Only remember me ; you understand  
It will be late to counsel then, or pray.  
Yet, if you should forget me for a while  
And afterwards remember, do not grieve ;  
For if the darkness and corruption leave  
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,  
Better by far you should forget and smile  
Than that you should remember and be sad."

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In those days, and in Ireland, he enjoyed every moment of his strenuous life, and spread joy and fun on all sides of him. If there was a dinner-party, official or homely, he was a great host, always carrying a certain old-fashioned air of presiding at a banquet, which gave dignity to the feast. He liked splendour at particular moments, in life, art, and literature. I think that books and horses were his only real extravagances. Of course if he had Henley, or Mahaffy, or Chesterton, or Belloc, or Father Delany to dine, the great moment came when he brought them along the table to him, or moved to them, and waved away the domestics, passed the decanters, lit a cigarette, and buoyed up with the rapture of a day's hunting, set the intellectual ball a rolling.

As life advanced he developed at times an excusable impatience with irrelevant interruptions to intellectual conversation. He focussed his mind so completely on a given subject, that if some well-intentioned but drifting guest asked him what he thought of the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy, in the midst of an earnest enquiry as to who was "The onlie begetter of these insuing sonnets," George would look round in despair from one sympathetic person to another.

At the same time, should some irresponsible talker at the table prove quite unable to hold on to any particular point for two minutes together, and simply use one subject as a spring-board for another, and so on, nobody would enjoy the joke better than he did, as he out-ran all competitors in leaping lightly along from reasons for the moon influencing the tides, to lunatics, eugenics, evolution, revelation, Mrs. Eddy, women suffrage, the party system, Chesterton, Marconi, wireless telegraphy, Sir Oliver Lodge, psychical research, excise, tariff reform, etc., etc. And what delighted him was to trace out afterwards the pedigree of these associated ideas, and to find the missing link between psychical research and excise!

I remember one evening at Chief Secretary's Lodge when he and Father Delany and myself were left alone for a long talk after dinner, and George put this ripe and experienced

and delightful Jesuit Father through a searching cross-examination on the form of government enjoyed by his illustrious Society; on the functions of the General and his advisory council; on the powers deputed by him to Provincials; on the status of everyone, from the lay-brother to the top-dog. I think we all enjoyed it, George did, and I hope Father Delany did. At any rate he gave us an interesting description of a international gathering of Provincials, their daily conversation being wholly in Latin, which took George's imagination back to the dinner-table of Sir Thomas More.

It was not only with the illustrious and the intellectual that he could be charming. He had a quick eye to discover the diffident and the inexperienced in any company, and adapted himself with much care to change the winter of their discontent into a glorious summer. His mother had taught him the value of appreciation, and he gave it freely. In fact he had, thank God, an imagination, and a generous disposition, and just at the moment when any of these shy souls had become most uncomfortably conscious of themselves and their clothes, and a general paralysis of the organ of speech had set in, and even the erect posture was becoming intolerable, George, with his most gentle manner would step in and ask after some favourite dog, or obstinate pony, or eccentric governess, and in three minutes these victims had forgotten to hate themselves and learnt to love him.

Nor was it only his own house that engaged all his love and thought. When Pamela and Eddy put down by the ample margin of the Wiltshire Avon, their perfect homestead at Wilsford, George wrote thus to his sister in the year 1906 —  
 Saighton.

Most Darling Pamela,—

Lady Day, 1906.

How would next Saturday suit for crossing the threshold? Sunday is the first of April, the real New Year's Day, so that I shall begin the year with you in the new Wilsford. April, Avril, the month of Aphrodite, is my favourite out of all the pomp. I want to be one of the first to cross the threshold, and hope that my little gifts for the children will be ready by then. But I must find something for Christopher and David

I saw a little joke in a shop window the other day ; a picture of a fat man drowning in mid-stream and calling out ' Help ! help ! I can't swim.' A lean American on the bank replies, ' Wall, I can't swim either, but I don't make such a darned noise about it.'

We came here Friday, after much punting at Westminster, and on Saturday I had a good hunt—two capital gallops over the vale. To-day I played with my books and defied the North East wind.

The owls woke me up at five o'clock. I could hear their wings as they brushed past our windows. They are paid, like old watchmen, to call the birds. For the dawn chorus began immediately. The garden is full of confiding thrushes with latticed breasts, looking sentimental out of round, liquid eyes. What with the east wind and over-eating, they are 'as sad as night for very wantonness,' sad, of course, in the comfortable, over-fed, sentimental way that makes for liquid eyes and liquid utterance. There is nothing austere about a thrush. Lyrical people are never austere.

Sibell, Percy and I go to Clouds for Easter, and I shall ride over to see you then. But I hope Saturday next will suit, for I long to see the House whilst it is still self-conscious and appreciative of attention. Houses and children pass beyond that stage so soon, and hate being told that you remember them when they were so high.

Why have I written lintel twice instead of threshold ? I can think of no reason except that I like the word better. Nobody threshes corn in the doorway now, and, if they ever did, I doubt if they gave a utilitarian name to such a mystical limit. I shall call it the door-sill and not the threshold, since I may not call it the lintel.

Your devoted Brother,

GEORGE.

Saighon,

15th September, 1906.

Beloved Pamela,—

Wilsford was delicious. That bit, or slip, of the river-valley and down, and the wideness of sky and earth it com-

mands, is a bit, or slip, of my larger dream-life. It plucks at my own heart-strings. A sudden intimate aspect of loose hedge-rows, a keen, known, smell of chalk-dust and sheep the little triangle of grass and trees where we branch from Amesbury to Wilsford, the Stones, Fargo; all these are eternal to me. I find that I am the same person who rode there thirty years ago. They have not changed and I have not changed. And what they were 30 years ago, they were 60 years before that. And so was I, 600 years before that. Therefore, I give you eternal life.

I made a little tune to my song, in the mode of 600, or 6,000, years ago. The little air of it tries to sing how every day is new, and, at the same time, a day of the days.

Perf and I had a great day to-day; we rode at 7.15 for two hours and have been together all day. He is just beginning to love Poetry. Imagine my delight at recognising another aspect of eternity in heritage. We have pretty well gutted Keats to-day, all the Odes and St. Agnes Eve, with a plenty of soldiering talk, and riding talk, and political talk thrown in, to throw up the supremacy of the fantastic.

That is the river of life; the surface that reflects Heaven, and, derived from far sources in the hills, goes out at last to sea, to foregather again and reflect Heaven once more. The drudgery of turning the mill, the party-political mill, of hatred, malice and all uncharitableness, is but an incident. So, 'Hey day! and grey day, But every day is new,' and yet, thank God, as old as the hills, and secure as the stars

Send me back my little barbaric air.

Your devoted Brother,

GEORGE

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One of George's most engaging characteristics was the simple loving way he talked about his family. I never found in him a trace of fatiguing petty detraction. He would read some letter to himself and then start off: "You know my mother and Pamela so well, how is it you have missed seeing

more of Mary Elcho? She is great company. An intense and active intellectuality. She lets nothing conceal itself that can be unravelled. The worst of this political treadmill is that I see so little of them all." He would speak of his sister, Madeline Adeane, her tact and her judgment. The beauty of her personality. His appreciation of his father was very penetrative. It went below the agitation about small things, and found his unusual individuality, his humour, his unassailable spontaneity. Do you remember how George liked that letter written by his father to Percy, without reference to any previous conversation or correspondence saying: "There are three things which I hope you will not do (1) Become a Roman Catholic (2) Marry an American girl (3) Go into the House of Commons!" As to Guy, I think that one of the great regrets of George's life was that politics, the war in South Africa, Guy's appointment as Military Attaché at St. Petersburg, and family ties, had separated him so much and so long from the brother who from early youth he loved so dearly. Do you remember how anxious he was during those last few days in Paris to know if Guy had received the C.B.?

16th February, 1914. I am sitting in the Lower room of the Tower at Saughton, as in years gone by, writing at the old desk George copied from Catena's picture of St. Jerome.

A great peace has fallen over the country after a three days heavy gale.

*There was a roaring in the wind all night ;  
The rain came heavily and fell in floods ;  
But now the sun is rising calm and bright ;  
The birds are singing in the distant woods ;  
Over his own sweet voice the Stock-dove broods.*

Below me are the two rose gardens enclosed by high, broad, yew hedges, which I first remember but a few inches from the ground. The eager heralds of the impatient spring are thrusting their lovely shafts through the green sward, and in the upper garden there is a starry galaxy of snow-drops,

mingled with the early pink and white cyclamen which I brought from Monte Cassino twenty years ago. There is a beautiful light over the Welsh hills, and in the wide green fields that lard the Cheshire plain the pools are filled to the brim with the floods of February.

This is the little library George occupied till 1905, when he moved into the Upper Room ; and here, more than anywhere, and to-day, more than any day, have I felt him very near to me. Indeed he has been so all along since August last, and I almost dread to complete these *Recognita* lest it seem like another parting.

But not from this tower shall go forth any note of sadness, for in it his finest literary work was done. Here he wrote his best, and talked his best, before his spirit was broken in the political mill. Here he fed his soul on the philosophy of the Sonnets, the identity and eternity of Truth and Beauty, and the immortality of Love. Eternity? Perchance the ice-cap shall "topple the earth over on its axis, and civilization fossilize at the bottom of the sea!" But what if this be only an imagination that daunts the imprisoned soul of man? And what if this vibratory apparition in the ether of space which we call matter, were to cease, at the bidding of whatever energy started it off and keeps it going ; and the phenomena of the universe, "the cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces," were to dissolve and fade like some insubstantial pageant ; and what if we ourselves prove to be the sort of stuff such dreams and apparitions are made *on*, as the story is woven on the arras, and our *little life* surrounded by this sleep, from which we shall awaken into our *great* life, since our terrestrial birth is but "a sleep and a forgetting?"

Some such assurance as this has made life worth living and death worth dying to every hero of humanity.

These, and a hundred other *recognita* come to me as I think of George in his original and adopted homes. And all this joy of home only came to him that he might share it with his friends ; not because it was occasionally touched with any sort of splendour, but really and truly for its own delightful sake. Nor again for any splendour or notoriety

brought by those who came to him. There was nothing resplendent about Henley except a heroic spirit, and a brilliant intellect, battling with a suffering frame and adverse fortune, but George loved the man and wept as he spoke of him.

For me, your house was really a home.

With these recollections of the homes he lived in, and the places he loved, I gather into remembrance all the kith and kin that were dear to him, especially the children of his sisters and his brother ; and I beg each and all, whether they bear his name or not, to remember that they share his honoured descent, and are in duty bound out of loyalty to his love, and respect for his illustrious life, to study not only him, but *what he studied*. He gave his mind to high and enduring themes for action and contemplation, and spent his life in chivalrous endeavours to help and to heal.

*' Lo, all the lovely things we find on earth  
Resemble for the soul that rightly sees  
That source of bliss divine which gave us birth ;  
Nor have we first fruits or remembrances  
Of heaven elsewhere Thus, loving loyally,  
I rise to God, and make death sweet by thee."*

I wish that the biographers of illustrious persons would tell us more of what their heroes liked, and less of what they did. Eminence so often sails past the goal blown by breezes over which it had no control, or propelled by the labour of other men's arms, that a sort of unpleasant suspicion haunts many a noble story of achievement.

It may be very interesting to know if Shakespeare stole deer, or built a theatre, or paid his father's debts, or left his widow the second best bed, but I want to know what authors he liked, what he talked about at the Mermaid, whether he enjoyed Holbein's pictures, what music moved him most, what nonsense made him laugh, what pathos made him weep. He gave out a great deal and must have taken in much more, and it would vastly increase our intimacy with the man if only someone could tell us what mental food he enjoyed, and why he liked it.

And so with regard to George, I feel that in what he *loved* I get him and him alone ; whereas in what he *did*, I may get George & Co. He put his whole heart into his Shakespeare work, and just spread himself through every sentence of that appreciation without restraint ; so that there one has only him and his best-beloved poet. But when you get to the Irish Land Act, how much more complicated the thing becomes. This enactment had 30 or 40 ancestors, satisfactory and other-

wise, like most ancestors, the history and effects of which were known to a few experts. To this tangled skein was attached a new strand, which was partly the adjustment of an ancient quarrel, partly an inducement to sell, and partly an inducement to buy. The framer of such a Bill has to box the compass with every clause of it to make sure that it will be palatable to his own Cabinet and party, to the Irish party, to the landlords, the tenants, and that ogre of cabinet ministers, the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The thing ends up by being a huge compromise, rather like those classical landscapes of the early 18th century, where one feels that the artist has been requested by his patron to have so much mountain and forest, elegantly distributed; so much sea or lake, with so many waves; so much glow in the sky; so many classical ruins on the shore; and so many nymphs dancing in the glades. After all which one turns with joy and relief to the studies from nature by the same artist, preserved in the Print Room of the British Museum, and begins to wish that the painter had never had any patrons. Such considerations form my excuse for writing somewhat freely about the works of art beloved by George.

Artistic perception is a natural gift which may be improved, but not acquired. I believe it to be generally allied with that singular simplicity of soul which is an attribute of children and of genius. It is an intuitive recognition of truth and beauty. A man may be born without it, as some are born unable to distinguish red from green. Or a man may bring it with him on his birthday, but lose it afterwards by neglect, or paralyse it by strangulation.

If he try to recover it in middle age, he has, in the language of Scripture, to be born again; that is to say he has got to throw away a whole cargo of rubbish carted into him by vulgar surroundings, and see things once more as he saw them when a child, simply, really, and truly. That is why I use the word 'strangulation'—people get choked with rubbish.

It was no virtue in George that he was born with fine perceptions. It was not his foresight that caused him to be surrounded in early years with lovely things of every kind.

His merit lies in the fact that he responded to the call, that he did not let second-rate objects blind his admiration for Greek work of the 5th century before Christ, or for Gothic work of the 13th century after Christ : that he elected always to be wholly himself, and refused to try to be anybody else : that he used his discrimination to know the difference between real people and sham people, real writers and sham writers, real politicians and sham politicians, real society and sham society : and that he brought this discrimination to bear on noble things, and that he liked to group them together for the benefit of the world.

This love of truth, this perception of beauty inspired his whole life and work. His Shakespeare, his Plutarch, his Ronsard, his Walter Scott, and his Rectorial Address on the Springs of Romance glow with it. It was the fountain of his romantic chivalry and loyalty in things political. I hold that men like this are rare and splendid beings, treasure-seekers and torch-bearers, whose lives are one long service of praise, for "all great art *is* praise." And as the good God has spread before us in this universe an infinite selection of noble things, so, too, has He given us, all down the ages, a procession of these illuminati, who lighten our darkness, rouse our enthusiasm, and rekindle the sacred lamp that shall never be finally put out. Their great characteristic is that they find the best things, and love them for themselves alone. They possess that 'single' eye which is full of light. Others hunt after the fashionable, the notorious, the safe, or the profitable, but these souls seek noble things for themselves alone, and to these things they give themselves up with every fibre of their being.

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The truth of what I have written will be plain to anyone that knows George's published writings. These are before the world, and I shall not quote them. My purpose here is to bring to your recollection and my own those personal reminiscences and writings which remind us how this love of truth and beauty permeated his whole domestic, literary and artistic life.

In November, 1895, he wrote to me :—" I am in the worst period of authorship, viz. : debating whether I shall transpose the start I have made with an Introduction to Shakespeare's Poems. The fact is that I am so disgusted with the work of the critics on the Sonnets as to be unable to write a quiet Introduction, short memoir, Adonis, Lucrece, Sonnets, and am going in bald-headed for William as the sweetest Lyrical and Elegiac poet, working up to lyrical discourse and Sonnet 90, " Then hate me when thou wilt," as the perfection of human speech. This all makes for madness, and an undue consumption of tobacco. But, my dear Charles what stuff it is ! Lucrece and all. I had really never read Lucrece, but just listen to this :—

*" For sorrow, like a heavy hanging bell,  
Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes."*

Only William has ever written like that, and this must be driven into the people who glibly quote Hazlitt's " Ice-Houses " and wearily repeat that a lady in Lucrece's unfortunate predicament is little likely to apostrophize time, opportunity, eternity, sorrow, and any other abstractions that suggest a good tirade."

He loved nothing better than a leisurely browse among the pages of his facsimile of the First Folio. The sight of that particular old type whetted his appetite for the intellectual feast. I had for some time amused myself by getting together groups of quotations from the Immortal William, not miscellaneous elegant extracts, but collections illustrating definite subjects, and he used to delight in looking over the manuscript. My idea was that though we may know little of Shakespeare himself outside his writings, we could gather a good deal about him from them, by studying the effect of what he observed upon his language. Men do not wax eloquent unless they are moved by that whereof they discourse, and I thought that such an anthology might form a sort of index to his mind

When the objection was raised that a dramatist speaks for his characters, and not for himself, I replied that a significant stress laid upon certain things, distributed through all the plays and poems, and put into the mouths of many and various characters, would seem to prove that these things touched the writer deeply.

In addition to this I held that an anthology of this sort would be valuable to students, and increase their interest in Shakespeare's method of literary work, his selection of words, his choice of epithets, and his use of metaphors. George and I used to have great times together hunting for fine things. One or two of the groups are before me now and are very delightful. There is something so primeval and child-like about Shakespeare. He takes such interest in the sun and moon and stars, in the sea, in the eyes of men, in the brown earth and the green fields.

A splendid flow of eloquence comes into his language when he touches the life of the sun ; the Dawn, for example :—

“ *Yon grey lines*  
*That fret the clouds are messengers of day.*”

“ *Look love, what envious streaks*  
*Do lace the severing clouds in yonder East.*  
*Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day*  
*Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.*”

“ *But look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,*  
*Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.*”

How beautiful is this imagery of the early dawn as a messenger, now standing tiptoe, now walking o'er the dew ! A little later the sun has been transmuted into an alchemist :—

“ *The glorious sun*  
*Stays in his course, and plays the alchemist,*  
*Turning, with splendour of his precious eye,*  
*The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold.*”

*"Lo, here the gentle lark, weary of rest,  
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,  
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breas  
The sun ariseth in his majesty;  
Who doth the world so gloriously behold  
That cedar tops and hills seem burnish'd gold."*

*"I with the morning's love have oft made sport;  
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,  
Even till the Eastern gate, all fiery-red,  
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,  
Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams."*

*"Full many a glorious morning have I seen  
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,  
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,  
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy."*

Or take his use of the sunset as a figure of the decline and fall of human life and greatness. For example when Ægeon is condemned to death by the Duke of Ephesus:—

*"Yet this my comfort; when your words are done  
My woes end likewise with the evening sun."*

Or when Achilles says to Hector:—

*"Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set,  
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:  
Even with the vail and darking of the sun,  
To close the day up, Hector's life is done"*

Or when the dying Gaunt after saying that the tongues of expiring men "enforce attention like deep harmony," is given the wonderful line:—

*"The setting sun, and music at the close"*

After the death of Cassius in "Julius Cæsar," Titinius finds his body and says:—

*"Cassius is no more.—O setting sun,  
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night,  
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set,—  
The sun or Rome is set. Our day is gone;  
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!"*

And then the night:—

*"Seeling night  
Scarf up the tender eye of beauteous day."*

*"A time when creeping murmur and the poring dark  
Fills the wide vessel of the universe."*

And the stars:—

*"The star that ushers in the even  
And gives a beauty to the sober west."*

*"When sparkling stars twire not thou gilds't the even."*

*"There's husbandry in heaven;  
Their candles are all out."*

*"Comets, importing change of times and states,  
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky."*

Just taste that last line once or twice, it is so wonderful. George and I simply stared at one another when we got to it.

Some of the short descriptive phrases, presenting an image in a few words, give one quite a shock, such as:—

*"The time of night when Troy was set on fire."*

*"See where she comes, apparell'd like the spring."*

*" Humming water must overwhelm thy corpse,  
lying with simple shells."*

*" In the great hand of God I stand."*

*' Her bed is India, there she lies, a pearl."*

*" The hunt is up, the morn is bright and gay,  
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green."*

*" Sluiced out his innocent soul through streams of blood."*

And then the wonderful passages about the human eye :—

*" By heaven, the wonder in a mortal eye !"*

*" Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine."*

*" A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind."*

*" Your eyes are lode-stars."*

*" Stars, stars,  
And all eyes else dead coals "*

And when he speaks of the bees as :—

*" Singing masons building roofs of gold."*

Amongst these extracts there is also a small collection from other Elizabethan writers :—

*" Sweet silent rhetorick of persuading eyes."*

*' Cold down that makes the fields look old."*

*" Night lays her velvet hand upon day's face."*

And

*" Under her sable pinions folds the world."*

*" Embroidered o'er with quaint enamelled eyes,  
That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers,  
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers."*

*" The south inspires  
Life in the spring, and gathers into quires  
The scatter'd nightingales. Now the astonisht spring,  
Hears in the air the feathered people sing."*

I print these extracts just as we read them to one another, and gloated over them as men enjoy fragments of early Greek vases, because they will always remind you and me of how much time and talent and loving labour he gave to literature—to the right use of words. He liked to find out where words came from, and when they arrived, and what they meant when they got here, and what they mean now. He liked to wonder at the amazing epithets and metaphors which abound in Shakespeare's work. He felt the bite of the ice in "The frosty Caucasus," which is gone if we substitute the name of any other range of mountains; as he felt the burning glow of midsummer in "Tawny Spain."

A passage like :—

*" O momentary grace of mortal men  
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God,"*

set him talking at once as to what it is that constitutes such felicity of expression; what part alliteration plays, and how much we are indebted to the genius that selects this word "Momentary," to alliterate with "mortal men," and to connote something illusive and ephemeral, requiring to be hunted for, and contrasted with "the grace of God," that palpable and eternal good. To this must be added of course the effect of the musical rhythm of the lines. Ruskin's prose is full of this.

Take the passage I quote from him on page 15 :

*Morning breaks as I write  
Along those Coniston Fells.*

And Ruskin himself told me that much of the metrical rhetoric of his early books was enhanced by his walking up and down the room while he was constructing the sentences.

One of the interesting things about Shakespeare is his knowledge of how and where to use the most unpromising words. For example, with all due respect, I do think that the word 'shove' is a very difficult one for a poet to 'shove' in anywhere. I don't know why, but it suggests "comics" at the Pantomime, and rude tipsy people crowded in narrow entries, and differences between elderly ladies with "darkened eyelids" in the police court. Yet Shakespeare uses it, and does it to perfection :—

*"In the corrupted currents of this world  
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice."*

There is a miracle for you ! and the word seems to have connoted something rude, insolent, and even corrupt, with Shakespeare.

When some one wrote a book about Shakespeare being a Puritan, George got on the warpath at once. We had great fun hunting up matter for reply. I have a note of one point before me now. It is about the rosary. Queen Constance is speaking in *King John*, some one has said to her that Prince Arthur is weeping, and she says :—

*"His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,  
Draw those Heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes.  
Which Heaven shall take in nature of a fee :  
Ay, with these crystal beads Heaven shall be bribed  
To do him justice, and revenge on you."*

One can hardly imagine a Puritan using this simile.

I remember another passage which 'caught him by the throat,' as he puts it, at the end of *The Winter's Tale*, when the Third Gentleman describes the family reunion, and joy "waded in tears," and "*the old shepherd stands by like a weather-bitten conduit of many king's reigns.*"

What a simile! suggesting venerable old age, open air wear and tear, an overflow of weeping, and that loyal clinging in long service to the ancient house, which the antique leaden pipes bearing royal symbols on Tudor mansions give one to this very day.

This delight in pregnant phrases never left him. He came into 44 Belgrave Square one night full of a sentence in Mr. Birrell's 1912 Rectorial Address at Glasgow. Mr. Birrell, combating Disraeli's dictum about the Majesty of Great Events, used the phrase—"Oblivion must have swallowed whole Iliads of great events." "Let me in a single sentence say I like it," he said to Mr. Birrell.

I remember a discussion we had quite recently about a passage in Shakespeare. I had been to the first night of *Othello* at Her Majesty's, and came next day to look at his fac-simile of the first Folio to see the words:—

*"Of one whose hand  
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away  
Richer than all his tribe."*

Now in the First Folio the word 'Indian' is clearly 'Judean'; but subsequent editors make it 'Indian,' because it thus appears in quarto editions printed before the Folio. My arguments were these: (1) '*The base*' indicates a special person. (2) '*The base*' indicates an error of villainy. (3) That there is some point in talking about wealth and tribe if the Jews are in question, but very little if it is only Indians. (4) That if the 'pearl' be meant for our Blessed Lord, and the base Judean Judas, there is a possible parallel, if we contrast the blind jealousy of the Jewish Priests with that of *Othello*. George clung to the question of scanning. He wanted 'Indian' to make the line run well. I maintained that I had

no objection to a short e in Judean. Beside which I thought it possible that the printer of the quarto had turned the n upside down, and afterwards put in the i.

This led us to that wonderful passage at the end of *Othello* when Lodovico says to Iago, "O Spartan dog, more fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!" Pain of mind and pain of body, connoted with the cruel and inexorable *sea*! Elsewhere Shakespeare says, "More fierce and more inexorable far than empty tigers or the roaring sea." These are the kind of things he would talk about from dusk till dawn.

I have several letters from him about his Shakespeare work, and I give the following to show how minutely he went into every detail.

Saughton,

4th Sep., '97.

My dear Charles,—

It is good to have got a letter from you; but how much better if you would come before the good ship W.S. is launched! What operations might we not perform on the text with the keen instruments of your wit!

You get full marks for "whether"="or."

I had first put my money on 'entitled in their parts'='of the first part': of the second part, etc., in a legal document. But I am now convinced it is heraldic. Compare again Lucrece, 52—72, marking 57—8.

"But Beautie, in that white *entitled*.

From Venus doves doth challenge that faire *field*.

'Entitled'='entitled, because W.S. *always* maintains the termination ed and elides the preceding vowel; cf. 'rememb'red; 'murd'red,' etc., etc. There is *no* exception.

The 'Legh' whom you cite I take to be 'Leigh,' constantly quoted by Guillim (1610) as thus (saith Leigh)—after many pronouncements.

I have other conundrums for the York Herald when he returns. Guillim's term '*Stainand colour*,' for example. There seem to be two: Tawny or Tenne, and Murrey or Sanguine. They seem to be '*Stainand*' because compounded of two "bright colours"; and they are also used in 'diminu-

tions,' viz., marks of infancy. But what, anyway, is 'Stain-and'? 2. What was John of Gaunt's coat of arms, badge or crest? Did it contain any punning emblem of *gauntness*? I ask because when Gaunt says (Ric. II. ii. I. 82) "Gaunt am I for the grave; Gaunt as a grave," I suggest a play upon words no longer apparent. I want the first grave to mean *engraved* coat, badge, or crest. Can it? This because I want this meaning for 'grave' in Lucrece 198—.

"O foul dishonour to my household's *grave*."

c.f. 2 Henry VI. V. i. 202. 'Household badge'; and Ric. II. iii. I. 24. "household coat."

I finished my notes on 'Lucrece' last night. It has been stiff work for, barring Germans, of whom I am not taking any, I have no precursors but Malone, Steevens and Bell.

My notes on the sonnets only want revision, and then, O then! I am done with a piece of work which has been a liberal education. Yours affectionately,

GEORGE W.

P.S.—Come and read Guillim with me, he is a perpetual joy. To him "An Unicorne Sejant (depicted like a pony balancing a barber's pole on his forehead) is no monster, no, nor even an "Exorbitant animull." "Some," it is true, "have made doubt whether there be any such *Beast* as this, or no. But the great esteeme of his *Horne* (in many places to be seene) may take away that needlesse scruple." O for the Age of Faith!

P.S. 2.—You know more of the streets than I. Now, tell me—when a gentleman's watch is lifted, do the pursuing crowd shout "Stop—thief! Stop—thief! Holla! Holla!?" I hope they do, for the word means stop. Surely I cannot have invented this? Will you "ask a policeman?"

We had a great innings at Guillim, and I remember well George's joy over his exposition on the terms used in falconry, such as that after the hawk has eaten one ought not to say "She wipeth her beake," but "She *smiteth* or *sweepeth* her beake." "You must say, your Hawke *jouketh*, and not sleepeth. Also your Hawke *pruneth*, and not picketh herself.... Your Hawke is said to *Rowse*, and not shake herself.

She *mantelcth*, and not stretcheth when she extendeth one of her wings along after her legges, and so the other. After she hath thus *manteled* her selfe, she Crosseth her wings together over her back, which action you shall term, the *warbling* of her wings and say, she *Warbleth* her wings." And so on.

In the autumn of 1907 George spent a good deal of time preparing a speech proposing "The Memory of Sir Walter Scott," and among Philip Hanson's letters is one on this subject, which he kindly allows me to print here, as it is very typical of the way in which George gathered up innumerable strands round any subject he took on hands:—

35, Park Lane, W.,

17 9, '07.

My dear P.H.,—

I wish it had been possible for you to look in at Saughton during these last glorious days of sunshine. Lady Grosvenor went to Lady Beauchamp yesterday to welcome another grand-child, and I came here to have my leg electrified. Tomorrow I go to Derwent, then Hornby Castle, then Clouds, on Thursday or Friday next week.

I am writing after a day of happy solitude in a London, neither swept nor garnished, but empty and exhilarated by serene September sunlight. I feel brisk. And the feeling, long lost, chimes with the outward aspect and reminds me of early days at the War Office in '98 and '99. So my thoughts turn to you.

I have 'broken the back' of my address on 'Walter Scott'; written the first half and the end, and sketched the rest of the second half. This has given me stimulus and excuse for wide reading over 1798—1832. What a Time! Napoleon, Wellington, Pitt, Canning, Goethe, Victor Hugo, Byron, Scott—and meanwhile such quintessential flowers as Keats and Shelley blossoming unseen.

And here we are, rather 'now' we are, still unravelling the meaning of the so-called Romantic Revival. I see Politics by the light of Art

If I do see anything, I see that they, the 'makers' in Politics or Poetry were puzzled by a mistaken, and false antagonism between the 'Classic' and 'Romantic.' I see that the 'Classic' is not an original, or primary mode of the mind's energy to express the need of the heart. There are two original modes, the Romantic and Realist, based respectively on Imagination and Observation. Either, or both, become 'classic.' But that is a secondary mode of either. You choose and polish your Imagination or your Observation, until the element of Wonder disappears from your image of life. The 'Classic' becomes a statue at Chatsworth: the Realistic a clerk at his desk.

Then the passion for Wonder revives in man the wanderer. And the little try to gratify it for pence. The school of Horror substitutes a Hobgoblin for the Statue. The school of scandal substitutes a Profligate for the clerk. Each tries to tickle or shock.

Scott's huge performance was to hark back to first springs. He was lucky, like all conquerors. He happened to have read and liked the old Romances—and imitated them. He happened to have read and understood the new Realists—and analysed Defoe.

Then—and that is the supreme thing which he did—he merged the two in Waverley, anno 1814. He canalized the welter of cross-currents and drew off the power in a stream of literary energy which turned the mills of the Oxford movement, the Young England movement, and, last of all, the Morris-Rossetti movement; Keats and Shelley were beautiful flowers that grew by the brim: Hugo and Byron, tumultuous currents, deep or surface, that never got out of the whirlpool.

He did in literature what Disraeli meant to do in politics.

The Literary stream is now almost lost in sand. The political stream never was canalised. Napoleon nearly did it for the continent. Here, in our Island, Canning died; Wellington became 'The Duke'; and Disraeli.....I cannot finish this sentence because I don't know what exactly happened to him. He would have rounded it off with an epigram. But there is nothing epigrammatic about a man who

starts with observing British institutions, the Peerage, the Church, the Gentry, labour; and imagining World History in terms of oriental empire; who despises the first, and postpones the second; and ends by becoming the servile slave of both.....

But *that*—the coupling of Imagination and Observation, these two engines of the mind to minister to the needs of the heart—is the job of our Political giant; when we get him.

Meanwhile, it is meanwhile—a long while and very mean. If only poets would sing, meanwhile! But they never do, any more than birds in a mist, which optimists like myself declare to be mere mists of Autumn, heralds of winter's lean alacrity, and Spring's exuberance: and pessimists declare to be abnormal vapours brooding before an earthquake. "The sedge is withered from the lake and no birds sing."

Indeed, a writer in the 'Outlook' maintains that birds—poets—will never sing again. He is chronicling the death of Sully-Prudhomme as the last of those birds. This, says he, is a 'practical' age. But what "in the name of glory" do we practise!

Yours ever,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

In a letter to Pamela dated from St. Fagan's 26th August, 1907, a few days after his letter to Philip, he writes:—"I am 'pickling away' at my address on Sir Walter Scott. I have six or seven things to say about him. As an address is delivered each year it is unnecessary to repeat the obvious. I shall avoid the 'good Sir Walter' business. Except, perhaps, just to note that his works gain a reflected charm from our knowledge of a personality which he was at such pains to dissemble. I am very vague at present. Probably the essay will form round two aspects. I. His Art. He was a romantic. That is how he saw things and said them—this, with all pertinent comparisons and contrasts, etc. The romantic revival in England and France. Here I am on my native heath.

II. His meaning. What was it that he saw and said? So I lead up to the last motif, which is Reconciliation—re-

conciliation of Highlands to Lowlands ; of England to Scotland ; of Jacobite to Hanoverian ; of servant to master ; of the present with the past.

I sketched a conclusion on those lines which may do. In any case, it is well to have a goal to work up to. In getting there one may diverge to another and a better goal. But here is my sketch of the end :—

By these reconciliations, by searching for recondite chords of human experience, he feels his way towards the supreme reconciliation of man to man's fate. His 'diapason closes full on man.' This is the work, often unconscious, of great masters. But for their magical counterpoint the present would be all to each of us ; 'an apex,' Pater calls it, 'between two hypothetical eternities' :—a masked note, so poignant that it pierces. All this has been said, better than I can say it. Only the other day a friend pointed out to me this phrase in Landor's *Imaginary Conversations*, 'the present, like a note in music, is nothing but as it appertains to what is past and what is to come.' But how few among writers, Classic, Romantic, or Realist, have known this, and shewn it.

Walter Scott is of those few. He extracted secrets from oblivion, so to endow what is with the charm of what has been, and to put us in case to expect the future. He strikes a full chord upon the keys of Time. It is only the greatest musicians of humanity who thus enrich the present by fealty to the past and make it a herald of eternal harmonies."

The mention of Scott leads me to say something of Carmichael's *Carmina Gadelica*. It is an anthology of Gaelic Hymns and Incantations, orally collected in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland, and published in the original tongue with an English translation. The Introduction and Notes contain a mine of information on the people and their customs and folk-lore. What surprised George was that an Irish speaker in Dublin translated the Scotch Gaelic with ease, but there was really nothing extraordinary about it. The book entranced him, and well it might. He was bent on giving me a copy, but I knew the book had gone to four times its original cost, and demurred, He sent it off with the following letter :—

35, Park Lane, W.,  
2 II., '08.

My dear Charles,—

'*Carmina Gadelica*' are despatched to-day. I had ordered a new copy, but found yet a third in my book-case. I must have laid them down like Port.

So you need give no thought to their price, or cost, but you must, rather, consider their value and worth. Their value is their own. Their worth consists in adding solemnity and point to our hilarious divagations over the springs of Romance, and the Macaronic sermons.

The introduction should be noted for 2 reasons: First, because Puritanism is there shewn to have made an old fiddler sell his fiddle and break his heart; Secondly, because confirmation is lent to my theory that popular poetry was written by the learned and handed down by the lewd, or unlearned.

All songs derive from the Sanctuary or the Court. The Court was the great invention of Barbarism, and marks its triumph over Savagery. In the Court, the Barbarian reconciled strength and Justice; a startling paradox in his day. In the Sanctuary the Church unveiled Mercy and Peace, and, so, turned the paradox into a platitude.

The rivers from each origin flash and mingle in the Poetry of the Middle Age. It is a fair stream reflecting all the personages of the Court of Heaven. It is filled with the water of life—in every sense—and not choked with the dust of ages.

I have read *Carmina Gadelica* through this afternoon. They are full of life and lore, of Wisdom, and, therefore, of repose. We can repose on the Past.

In fine, my gift is the recording stelé of our exploration to discover the Springs of Romance and their foam-bow of Ryhme.

Yours ever,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

P.S.—"High are the Peaks and shadow-gloom'd and Huge!"

P.S. 2.—Please send me the name and number of the Hymn which may give me a model for my Pageant-chorus—and an air."

One example I must give of the gems which Carmichael picked up among the highland cottages :—

HOUSE PROTECTING.

*God, bless the world and all that is therein,  
 God, bless my spouse and my children,  
 God, bless the eye that is in my head,  
 And bless, O God, the handling of my hand,  
 What time I rise in the morning early,  
 What time I lie down late in bed,  
     Bless my rising in the morning early,  
     And my lying down late in bed.  
 God, protect the house and the household,  
 God, consecrate the children of the motherhood,  
 God, encompass the flocks and the young,  
 Be thou after them and tending them,  
 What time the flocks ascend hill and wold,  
 What time I lie down to sleep,  
 What time the flocks ascend hill and wold,  
 What time I lie down in peace to sleep.*

In his introduction Mr. Carmichael gives a touching example of the manner in which the old Gaelic-speaking people have been treated by their ‘superior’ descendants :—

“ I was taking down a story from a man, describing how twin giants detached a huge stone from the parent rock, and how the two carried the enormous block of many tons upon their broad shoulders to lay it over a deep gully in order that their white-maned steeds might cross. Their enemy, however, came upon them in the night-time when thus engaged, and threw a magic mist around them, lessening their strength and causing them to fail beneath their burden. In the midst of the graphic description the grandson of the narrator, himself an aspirant teacher, called out in tones of superior authority, ‘grandfather, the teacher says that you ought to be placed upon the stool for your lying Gaelic stories.’ The old man stopped and gasped in pained surprise. It required time and sympathy to soothe his feelings and to obtain the

rest of the tale, which was wise, beautiful, and poetic, for the big, strong giants were Frost and Ice, and their subtle enemy was Thaw. The enormous stone torn from the parent rock is called 'Clach Mhor Leum nan Caorach,' the big stone of the leap of the sheep. Truly 'a little learning is a dangerous thing'! This myth was afterwards appreciated by the Royal Society of Edinburgh."

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And here I wish to put on record two examples of English literature, dearly loved and often quoted by George. Both are exquisite in themselves and typical of his taste and character. The first portrays, as no other example that I know of does, a perfect picture of tender love and chivalry; and the second gives a vast and sympathetic delineation of the world's rondure, and its varied influences upon the art of mankind. Emerson has truly said, "The English delight in the antagonism which combines in one person the extremes of courage and tenderness; Nelson dying at Trafalgar, sends his love to Lord Collingwood, and, like an innocent schoolboy that goes to bed, says, 'Kiss me, Hardy,' and turns to sleep." Shakespeare drew his example from the field of Agincourt where the Duke of Exeter speaks of the deaths of York and Suffolk to Henry V. :—

*Exeter :*

The Duke of York commends him to your Majesty.

*King Henry :*

Lives he, good uncle? Thrice, within this hour,  
I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting;  
From helmet to the spur, all blood he was.

*Exeter :*

In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie  
Larding the plain: and by his bloody side,  
Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds,  
The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies,  
Suffolk first died: and York, all haggled over  
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,

And takes him by the beard ; kisses the gashes  
 That bloodily did yawn upon his face ;  
 And cries aloud—' Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk !  
 My soul shall thine keep company to heaven ;  
 Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly a-breast,  
 As, in this glorious and well-foughten field,  
 We kept together in our chivalry !'  
 Upon these words I came, and cheer'd him up ;  
 He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,  
 And, with a feeble gripe, says—' Dear my lord,  
 Commend my service to my sovereign.'  
 So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck  
 He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips ;  
 And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd  
 A testament of noble-ending love.  
 The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd  
 Those waters from me, which I would have stopp'd ;  
 But I had not so much of man in me,  
 But all my mother came into mine eyes,  
 And gave me up to tears.

The following passage is from Ruskin's ' Stones of Venice '  
 —“ The charts of the world which have been drawn up by  
 modern science have thrown into a narrow space the expression  
 of a vast amount of knowledge, but I have never yet seen any  
 one pictorial enough to enable the spectator to imagine the  
 kind of contrast in physical character which exists between  
 Northern and Southern countries. We know the differences  
 in detail, but we have not that broad glance and grasp which  
 would enable us to feel them in their fulness. We know that  
 gentians grow on the Alps, and olives on the Apennines ; but  
 we do not enough conceive for ourselves the variegated mosaic  
 of the world's surface which a bird sees in its migration, that  
 difference between the district of the gentian, and of the olive  
 which the stork and the swallow see far off, as they lean upon  
 the sirocco wind. Let us, for a moment, try to raise ourselves  
 even above the level of their flight, and imagine the Mediter-  
 ranean lying beneath us like an irregular lake, and all its

ancient promontories sleeping in the sun : here and there an angry spot of thunder, a grey stain of storm, moving upon the burning field ; and here and there a fixed wreath of white volcano smoke, surrounded by its circle of ashes ; but for the most part a great peacefulness of light, Syria and Greece, Italy and Spain, laid like pieces of a golden pavement into the sea-blue, chased as we stoop nearer to them, with bossy beaten work of mountain chains, and glowing softly with terraced gardens, and flowers heavy with frankincense, mixed among masses of laurel, and orange, and plummy palm, that abate with their grey-green shadows the burning of the marble rocks, and of the ledges of porphyry sloping under lucent sand. Then let us pass farther towards the North, until we see the orient colours change gradually into a vast belt of rainy green, where the pastures of Switzerland, and poplar valleys of France, and dark forests of the Danube and Carpathians stretch from the mouths of the Loire to those of the Volga, seen through clefts in grey swirls of rain-cloud and flaky veils of the mist of the brooks, spreading low along the pasture lands : and then, farther North still, to see the earth heave into mighty masses of leaden rock and heathy moor, bordering with a broad waste of gloomy purple that belt of field and wood, and splintering into irregular and grisly islands amidst the Northern seas, beaten by storm, and chilled by ice-drift, and tormented **by** furious pulses of contending tide, until the roots of the last forests fail from among the hill ravines, and the hunger of the North wind bites their peaks into barrenness ; and, at last, the wall of ice, durable like iron, sets, death like, its white teeth against us out of the polar twilight.

And, having once traversed in thought this gradation of the zoned iris of the earth in all its material vastness, let us go down nearer to it, and watch the parallel change in the belt of animal life ; the multitudes of swift and brilliant creatures that glance in the air and sea, or tread the sands of the Southern zone ; striped zebras and spotted leopards, glistening serpents, and birds arrayed in purple and scarlet. Let us contrast their delicacy and brilliancy of colour, and swiftness of motion, with the frost-cramped strength, and

shaggy covering, and dusky plumage of the Northern tribes ; contrast the Arabian horse with the Shetland, the tiger and leopard with the wolf and bear, the antelope with the elk, the bird of paradise with the osprey : and then, submissively acknowledging the great laws by which the earth and all that it bears are ruled throughout their being, let us not condemn, but rejoice in the expression by man of his own rest in the statutes of the lands that gave him birth. Let us watch him with reverence as he sets side by side the burning gems, and smooths with soft sculpture the jasper pillars, that are to reflect a ceaseless sunshine, and rise into a cloudless sky ; but not with less reverence let us stand by him, when, with rough strength and hurried stroke, he smites an uncouth animation out of the rocks which he has torn from among the moss of the moor-land, and heaves into the darkened air the pile of iron buttress and rugged wall, instinct with a work of an imagination as wild and wayward as the northern sea ; creations of ungainly shape and rigid limb, but full of wolfish life ; fierce as the winds that beat, and changeful as the clouds that shade them."

This was only read at length when we first knew one another. It was afterwards known in conversation by the symbol of "The Sirocco Wind."

I remember so well during his last Christmas holidays a long talk we had at Clouds about a 13th century manuscript in the British Museum (Lansdowne 757) containing the description of a meeting between Queen Guinevere and Lancelot. It is admirably translated in Paget Toynbee's 'Dante Studies and Researches,' and is so tender, so delicate, and full of beauty, that it seems to make all modern attempts at love scenes inadequate and vulgar. Yet there it all is, the secret twilight liason in the meadows away among the bushes ; the Queen's longing for the darkness to fall, and her striving to fill the day with talk and frolic till the appointed hour ; the introduction by Gallehault, and the long series of questions by which the Queen discloses the over-mastering love of Lancelot ; his modesty and reserve, and her half cruel pertinacity, all these combined into a picture that one never forgets.

If George had been spared, the world would have had a wonderful book on the mediæval Romances.

In 1898, I published a selection of passages from *The Holy Court*, the translation by Sir Thomas Hawkins of a work by Nicolas Caussin, S.J. I read much of the complete volume to George out of the 1634 edition, and he helped me to choose the passages. He liked the rich figurative Jacobean English of Sir Thomas Hawkins, of which the following paragraph is an example :—

*The Soul clothed with the Royal Purple of God.*

“ If the body be a fair shell, the soul is the pearl. If the body be the lantern, the soul is the light. If the body, as Saint Ambrose saith, be the triumphant chariot of the peaceable Solomon, the soul is the queen which sitteth thereon to guide and govern it. If the body be as the green moss of some sea-neighbouring rock, the soul is the diamond which within hideth its lustre. It is the well-beloved of God which is fallen from His Mouth into this mortal prison. It is that which advantageously is marked with His stamp and image. It is that on which the Creator hath distended His royal purple, as is said in the prophet Ezekiel : and this royal garment is no other than a collection of all the perfections of creatures contracted in the soul of man, as the figure of the world would be in the circumference of a ring.”

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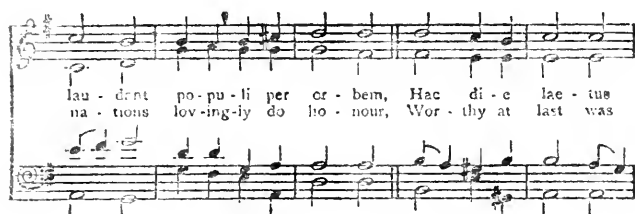
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As I am trying to remind you of what he loved, I want to put on record a few words about George's delight in music. He had the equipment necessary for a keen appreciation, with little or no technical knowledge. Like Sir Walter Scott, he would have been glad to have had some instruction. He tried hard to fathom the mysteries connected with the tempered scale, and often maintained that we had lost more in poignancy of tone by its adoption, than we had gained in convenience of modulation.

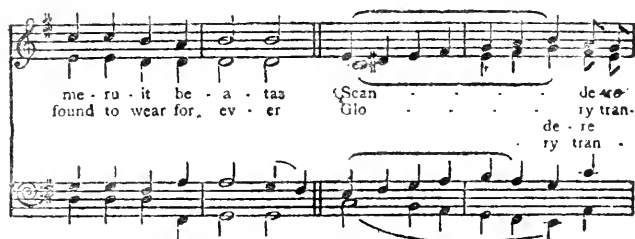
M. J = 92.



1. la - te Con - fes - sor, Do - mi - ni, co - len - tes Quem pi - e  
 1. This is the day where - on the Lord's true wit - ness, Whom all the



lau - dent po - pu - li per er - bem, Hac di - e lae - tus  
 na - tions lov - ing - ly do ho - nour, Wor - thy at last was

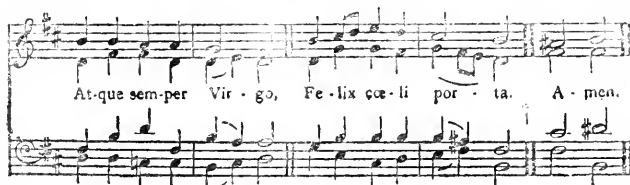


me - ru - it be - a - tas (Sean de  
 found to wear for, ev - er Glo ry tran -  
 de - re  
 ry tran -



se - des. A men.  
 seen - dent.

M. ♩ = 76.



2.

Sumens illud Ave  
Gabrielis ore,  
Funda nos in pace.  
Mutans Hevæ nomen.

3.

Solve vincla reis,  
Profer lumen cæcis,  
Mala nostra pelle,  
Bona cuncta posce.

4.

Monstra te esse Matrem,  
Sumat per te preces,  
Qui pro nobis natus  
Tulit esse tuus.

5.

Virgo singularis,  
Inter omnes mitis,  
Nos culpis solutos,  
Mites fac, et castos.

6.

Vitam præsta puram,  
Iter para tutum,  
Ut videntes Jesum,  
Semper collætémur.

7.

Sit laus Deo Patri,  
Summo Christo decus,  
Spiritus sancto,  
Tribus honor unus. Amen.

His taste was uncommon and very positive. Whatever new fragments I picked up during our long friendship, he never failed to ask for certain things which he found gave him rest and intellectual satisfaction. It is the character of these pieces that is interesting. For example, the "O Salutaris Hostia" on page 214 of *Arundel Hymns* is an organ study by John Sebastian Bach. The chorale which Bach has here harmonized is not particularly striking as a melody. The whole value of the piece centres in a progression of harmonies that gave George intense joy. This wonderful procession of suspensions and resolutions which would indeed be caviare to the general, affected him profoundly. There is such a wealth and rich splendour in the chords one might fear that form and force would be smothered in decoration, but on the contrary, the predominating character is strength, the thing is heroic hymnody. He loved the daring of the last chord but one, where the voice holds F sharp and the bass sounds E sharp!

Another of his favourites was an "Ecce Panis Angelorum," by Samuel Wesley, on page 169 of *Arundel Hymns*: especially the line "Cohæredes et Sodales," where again come a succession of strong suspensions, and the minor key. He had no use whatever for the school of sickly sentimental hymn-tunes. He would only listen to vertebrate melodies and strong harmonies.

I print here his two favourite melodies from *Arundel Hymns*, because they illustrate better than any description of mine his love for what is sturdy and heroic in tune and harmony. Many a time we have heard him shout the "Ave Maris Stella" with exultation, and the "Iste Confessor," he never tired of. The glorious outburst into G major at the beginning of the second line, and the long rolling cadence on the first syllable of the last line entranced him. I can hear him now at that last verse:—

Sit salus illi, decus atque virtus,  
Qui super cœli solio coruscans  
Totius mundi seriem gubernat  
Trinus et Unus.

Healing and power, grace and beauteous honour  
Always be His, Who shining in the highest,  
Ruleth and keepeth all the world's vast order,  
One God, Three Persons!

The song which affected him most was, "Es blinkt der Thau," by Rubinstein. Of this remarkable composition, set to the German words of E. von Boddien, he never tired. It is built up in three distinct sections. The first restrained introductory theme, with quiet flowing accompaniment, is a contemplation of the scene, how the dew glistens in the grass at night, while the moon passes on in tranquil splendour, and the nightingale sings in the bushes. This is repeated, and tells us how a tremor floats over the fields in the twilight, and all the spring breathes perfume into it, whilst the lovers wander in the midst. All this subdued, calm, contemplative. When the last note of the bird's song has died away in the accompaniment, the second movement leaps forth "O spring-time how fair thou art!" And on go the increasingly impassioned phrases, describing the lover wandering in this wealth of blossoming, with his trembling love leaning upon his arm, and their first kiss in the realm of heaven, while they firmly believe in the foolish dream that this might last for ever and ever! To the repeated last line of the words, "Das es ewig, ewig, so bleibe," are given rapidly rising movements which culminate on a suspension which is resolved into an exquisitely pathetic phrase used to similar words in another song by the same composer. There are others I know, of considerable musical attainments, to whom this song has meant very much, ever since it first appeared. To George it was "perfect music," wedded "unto noble words."

Many things may, will, and should be said about George, but one thing *must* be said, which is that he rejoiced to have lived in the generation that knew and appreciated Richard Wagner. He had an advantage over me in this matter, for he had less knowledge of previous composers, and had always lived in a sympathetic atmosphere; whereas one of my music teachers was John Hullah, and he, though it is hardly credible,

in a work dated 1884, actually wrote these words:—"I find in the pieces of which 'Tannhauser' is composed, an entire absence of musical construction and coherence; little melody, and that of a most unoriginal and *mesquin* kind; and harmony chiefly remarkable for its restless, purposeless, and seemingly helpless modulation." The civilised world has long since settled this dispute. My only interest in this quotation is that it led George and myself one night to a very long and interesting discussion about the tyranny of convention in the arts and the force of genius necessary to "ring out the old" and "ring in the new." The causes of these great revolutions are often remote and unexpected, but the debris of the various upheavals are visible in the mansions and museums of Europe. Marcus Aurelius still suffers from the green slime trickling off his nose and beard in the laurel shrubberies of early eighteenth century classical gardens, and fragments of "Abbotsford Gothic" linger in the corridors at Eaton. When Benjamin West was about to paint the Death of Wolfe, Sir Joshua Reynolds and the Archbishop of York—and why he I cannot imagine—called on the painter to beg him not to proceed with his intention of putting the figures into the costumes they actually wore at Quebec, as it would be an outrage on the convention that military heroes must appear in Classical equipment. West heard their advice but did not take it. When the picture was finished Sir Joshua sat before it for a long while, and then frankly acknowledged that West had conquered, and had probably opened up a new era in art.

The man who is to do justice to this subject has got to know a good deal, not only about art, but history, politics, philosophy and poetry. He must reckon up, not only the triumphant heroes, but their victims. Not only Wedgwood, but the slip-ware artists he crushed out, killing our one native English majolica. Not only Vanbrugh, but the glorious timber mansions which preceded him. Not only that dreadful insurrection known as the harmonium, but the delightful old serpents and cellos, and string, wind, and wood, all and sundry, which tuned up from the west-end galleries of our old parish churches. He must try and trace the influence of

foreign travel. foreign royalties, and foreign learning upon fashions in art. Particularly, too, must he study patronage, public and private, and its effect on the artist and the patron. He will have to understand also that with patrons of immature or enfeebled intellect, the plasterer, the upholsterer, and the grate, fender, and chandelier maker, have often been the real masters, dominating the domestic landscape with such insurrections of brass and glass and gilding, that the canvasses of Titian and Tintoret pale into insignificance. There was a day when the library was whitewashed, but the Gospels written in silver and golden letters upon leaves of purple vellum, over which a thousand years and more could come and go ; but now the ceilings and picture frames reflect the gold and silver, and the books are printed on some chemical amalgam of wood-pulp and casein, that may or may not be brown and rotten in 50 years. He may find that the greatest works have had the public for a patron, and that in proportion as artists have been at the mercy of individualistic patrons, the work has been less great. He may find that Wagner's huge appeal to humanity in allegory and opera, hounded down by his own profession, and only patronised by the great when his work was nearly done, was actually assisted by the fact that he had no one's crotchets to consider, but strove only to win and overwhelm the soul of man.

George was on the other track. He was disposed to date the birth of song and poem from the Court, rather than the Folk. I felt that it had grown up as probably the Mass developed, by the congregation bringing in the Kyrie the Gloria, and the Credo, and these being gradually incorporated into the liturgy. Surely the poets and minstrels in the Court of Henry II. who gathered the Arthurian legends in Wales, worked on the same principle as Wagner, and adapted what they would from legends already on the lips of the people ?

Anyway, we were whole-hearted devotees at the shrine of Richard Wagner, who had given us one of the greatest joys of our lives, and we read together Hoffman's " Poet and Composer," and tried to grasp the true inwardness of all that

Wagner had done for Opera. I went so far as to write a book on Parsifal, and George was enthusiastic about it, and read my proofs.

Do you remember George's first visit to Bayreuth, when he was worn to a shred by the struggles of a General Election ? Dear me, how we have laughed over it ! His arrival at the station about mid-day, in an exhausted condition ; the drive to the Opera House, and the appalling moment in the middle of the first act of Parsifal when the scenery, quite unexpectedly, began to move, and George's firm conviction that his brain had given way, accompanied by misgivings about his purse, his pocket-book, his means of indentification, and the nature of the collapse from which he was suffering ! A slight hitch in the movement of the rolling landscape restored his equanimity and enabled him to take himself in hand. On another occasion we all went together, the Edmunds, and you, and George and myself. George contracted a terrible throat, and I got a bad nasal catarrh. I recollect going with Edmund to a hosier's shop, which bore the encouraging label, " English Spoken," to purchase a supply of handkerchiefs for my affliction. The Proprietor was sent for, and I asked for handkerchiefs : " Hangsheefs, yes, 'ow many buttons ? " was the reply. Edmund went out into the street to laugh it off.

When I first met you I had already begun to collect words and music for Arundel Hymns. George took great interest in the work. It was the first attempt made in England to step outside the well-worn tracks of the Lutheran and Anglican traditions, and to bring into one book a cosmopolitan collection of hymn-tunes. I spent a year in Italy copying melodies in vast and unexplored stores of Vernacular hymnology, dating from the 16th century. I had a large and remarkable compilation of old tunes sent to me from Bohemia. I had others from Spain, France, Germany, and Denmark. He and I tried our hands at translating Adam St. Victor, and in the upper-room at Saighton had many a long confabulation on the poetic value of the hymns. You will remember he asked my friend, Father John O'Connor, to visit him in Ireland, and delighted in his work. It was George ;

I think who suggested putting under Edward Clifford's drawing of a white dove with extended wings, Father O'Connor's lines:—

“ White Dove of Peace, Great God of consolation  
Brood o'er the souls that moan in tribulation  
And with the whisper of serene to-morrows  
Soothe all their sorrows.”

Among the many subjects that stirred George's imaginative and critical faculties in later years was the problem of the antiquity of man, gradually being revealed to us by the study of cave deposits, stone implements, drawings, carvings, etc. He was profoundly interested also in the astronomical questions opened up with regard to the ice age by Croll and Drayson, and was delighted when I sent him the first Part of the Proceedings of the Prehistoric Society of East Anglia, in which he read Dr. Sturge's work with avidity. If he had lived to take office again he would have been a valuable ally for Prehistoric students. He felt very strongly that this department of archæology, if properly encouraged, would yield great results, and he thought the new school of enquiry full of promise. I sent Dr. Sturge a collection of neolithic implements which I gathered from the fields on the Clouds Estate, and he very kindly gave George a report upon them as to their patination and striation. Dr. Sturge ended his report with these words:—“ I strongly advise further search in the district from which these flints have come as they are of great interest, and prove that some at any rate of the periods present in Suffolk are also present in Wiltshire.”

George was greatly delighted at Christopher's interest in flint implements, and gave me a description of his preliminary examination for Osborne by a table-load of naval officers who asked Kit what he had been doing during the holidays, and got back a dissertation on ‘ flinting,’ on scrapers and arrow-heads, and axe-heads, their shapes and uses ; on worked edges, and bulbs of percussion, which surely must have been news to some of them. The best proof of George's enthusiasm about this subject shall be given in his own words, from a letter to me :—

The Swan Hotel, Wells,

4th June 1911.

My dear Charles,—

This is the kind of hairpins we are. Sibell was so impressed by my excitement over Mr. Balch—assistant Postmaster (for his profession) and a genius at archæology (for his glory and our delight)—that she telegraphed incontinently to you to join us. I knew it was impossible, but the ebullition expressed our feelings. Let me explain at once. Mr. Balch burrows into the entrails of the Mendip Hills, and emerges from Troglodyte habitations, laden with flint implements, bone implements, bronze implements, iron implements, and the bones of our predecessors in Britain. He has been a pure joy to me—a Celt with speculation in his clear blue eyes, who rejoices, as our grandfathers did over Waterloo, because, in his opinion (buttressed by an array of facts) when the Lake Village near Glastonbury was blotted out, 'our people,'—as he says,—stuck it out through the Roman occupation—returning to the caverns of the Stone Age, to the Hyena, and held their own till the last waves of Saxon conquest pushed them over the Parett river, and even into Wales.

Having explained why I am pleased, I will now revert to the Historic method. By this device you will know all the time that Balch is looming beyond the normal expectations and fulfilments of a visit to an ancient Cathedral.

We left Paddington at 10.30 a.m. yesterday, Saturday, 3rd June, 1911. It seems years since to me. Our 'slip' carriage stopped at Westbury, in obedience to the law of gravitation. We changed and went West by Frome to Witham. We changed and went West again by Shepton Mallet to Wells. Thanks to the imperfect railway system of our motherland Wells is habitable. We arrived about 1.30 on a sultry day. Perfunctory glances at the 'Guide to Somerset' had—as I travelled—told me that 'Wookey Hole' was near Wells. I walked to the Inn, whilst Sibell took the one-horse bus, and, so, passed a sign-post on which I plainly read Wookey Hole. This determined my fate. After a preliminary stroll round the Cathedral—and *that* is wonderful for the statues.

and specially the statue of William the Conqueror, with his elbows more than a-kimbow by 45 degrees—and the chain gate, etc., I said to Sibell that I should be bilious if I did not take a walk. So, on the plea of health, and the cheerful disposition that springs from health, and is essential to a holiday—I started along the road (knowing no better) for Wookey Hole. I vaguely knew the name and was informed by the Guide Book that Boyd Dawkins found a Hyena cave there 50 and more years ago. That was all my knowledge, but enough to direct my purpose.

I found the village of Wookey Hole, and was told I could get a guide to the cavern at the farm by the paper-mill. All in due order, a smiling maiden at the farm set me on the track to the cavern, and said the guide would come. Charles, as Sir Thomas Malory frequently remarks, “all this was but enchantment” for Wookey Hole is no place of holiday resort, like Stonehenge. When you leave the road, by the Farm, you pass through a stable gate into an orchard full of white chickens; you see a little path from the orchard beginning to climb and fall and climb along the left side of a steep dell, which promises to become a gorge, with the river Axe—that is soon to make paper—translucent and green over white sand below you. You sit down to await the guide. He appears, a youth of 15 or 16 years, with 2 candles and a can of petrol. He speaks in the language of Barnes which is easier to read than to hear. Away you go with him along the dell that becomes strange. It is heavily wooded on both sides; there is a hanging mist over the water. The path rises and, as the river Axe is now 50 feet below you, issuing from the rock, you are confronted by a beetling crag of limestone, from every ledge of which the Jackdaws discuss your advent. In the base of that crag there is a little locked door 4ft. 6in. high. You unlock it. The youth advises me to leave my stick inside, I add “and my hat!” He says, “no, it might save you from a blow on the head later on.” We light our tapers and go in. The narrow passage, between boulders, descends and mounts, as the path had undulated. Only it is inside the mountain. He throws a flash of petrol on the rock and lights it with the taper, now and

again, to assist climbing or descent. Then he begins to talk about—what sounds like—Mr. Bosh. I become interested in Mr. Bosh. I ask—how tactlessly!—him to spell the name. He thinks there is an r and an h in it. But, anyway, this is where his hero found a skeleton of a man and the skeletons of 2 goats, and pottery. And this, shewing a sheer cliff up to the left, is where his hero gets up by a rope ladder into other galleries and halls. After descending a steep incline, so steep and long that we reach the *level* of the river Axe, we come into a great cavern, like a Chapter-house, 75 feet high, with a diameter of 40 yards, and there is the river Axe. He throws petrol on its surface, lights it, and reveals cool depths of translucent green over white sand. We go on; and do this twice more. For there are 3 great Chapter-Houses inside the hill; and more beyond, now blocked by the water-level. Balch has explored them when the water is drawn off by the Mill,  $\frac{1}{2}$  a mile behind us.

We return. I walk back by a footpath over the hill, with Glastonbury Tor 6 miles to my right, and Wells Cathedral in front of me. I miss Sibell, and ask for Balch. I need him. I am conducted by the bus-driver of the Inn to an alley, leading to a cottage garden full of flowers and children. The bus-driver goes to the back and hammers. Balch—the blue-eyed Celt—appears at the front door. I announce myself and—my dear Charles—in 2 minutes I am ‘up to the hilt’ with him—as tho’ you and I were talking together. My dear, this man is a man to know. He has plans and sections. He has written the ‘Netherworld of the Mendips.’ He has his rows of flint implements, and his photographs of all else. He is perfectly simple and wide-eyed with enthusiasm; but a true scholar. There are the querns from Wookey Hole which he has mounted, and with which he has ground flour to taste what it was like.

Then come the simple questions, “What do you think of this Denarius of Marcia 124 B.C. It is nearly 200 years before the Roman occupation?” I say, I think it was not hoarded by a Roman, but that it filtered through the Europe of 124 B.C. He agrees. We get on to Rhodes’s gold coin of

Antoninus found in Rhodesia. He knows all about that and has a brother there. Back, then, to Wookey Hole and conundrum No. 2. He shews me the bulk of an earthenware jar with stripes from top to bottom and between them, *holes deliberately made with a wooden tool*, but disposed—well—like the constellations, or the chance holes made by book-worms in wooden bindings. And he asks what I think of that. I say "I have never seen anything like it." He answers, "Nor anyone else till 6 weeks ago when I found it in Wookey Hole. I've sent it to London. What do you think it can be?" I felt excited and said, "If there's any repetition of pattern, or anything like the Oghams, holes in clay, instead of notches in stone, you may have got a script." His blue eyes blazed. He said, "We read the Egyptian Hieroglyphs and dig in Crete; why don't we try to understand the things here?" I said, "I hope you can stay here." He answered, "I have stayed for 26 years and prevented my promotion, and now my friend, who worked with me, is gone." I asked if the P. M. G. knew of his work. He answered, "No."

Then he came to conundrum No. 3. A Bone equilateral triangle with a round hole in each angle. I was absolutely flummoxed. I thought of silly solutions—an ornament for harness stuck on with gold pins, etc.—anyway a plaque of some sort. But he said, "No. Each of these holes is striated. This is the invention—perhaps of one man—for making a perfect rope with a triple cord; and I've made them with it."

Well, my dear, I must not go on any longer. But this is a man to know and a place to study. I asked him to luncheon with Sibell and self to-day. He accepted, but I saw it would be better not to press. I said, "This is my holiday at Wells. But its your holiday too, and you must not bother about me. I live within easy motor reach and have a friend Charles Gatty, who loves these things, and we must come to see you together. So he gave me his address, and shewed me a short way back to the Inn, and remained in his cottage-garden full of flowers, and his children, just as the moths and bats were coming out in the sunset air.

Sibell was an angel about my delay and merely telegraphed to you. I walked her out after dinner by moonlight to the heights; went to early service at 8, and collared Canon Holmes and got into the Library at 12.15.

The Library! But for the Stone Age and the Celtic resistance to Rome, and the Saxons, I should have been wild over the library. Mark you, there is no break in the Deans of Wells. It never had a *Monastery*, so Henry VIII., of uxorious memory, did not smash it. Freeman says that here are more Ecclesiastical buildings still devoted to worship and learning than in any other city of Europe. And that is so. We have a Cathedral, a Palace, a Deanery, a Close, a Theological College in the buildings of the 14th century, and miles of high walls overgrown with saxifrage and Valerian—Lilacs d’Espagne.

What I liked best in the Library—above other treasures—e.g. an autograph of Erasmus and a Pliny by Jenson—I think—and a Bull of 1061, 5 years before the Conquest—in legible Latin, Petrus et Paulus, etc. With a perfect *abbreviation* at the end—Bene Valete.

And so say I.

Yours affectionately,

GEORGE W.

P.S.—We do Glastonbury to-morrow. Go to Dunster Tuesday. To Cirencester Wednesday, and wind up on Friday, the 9th, at Hewell Grange, Redditch.

It is evident to me that you and I must motor to Wells from Clouds and stay there 2 or 3 days and hear all that Balch has to say, and see all that Balch has to shew.

Also, perhaps, you—being in touch both with Hudson and Archæology—and loving the Celts—might let Lloyd George know that Balch ought to have a chair of Celtic archæology, in a Celtic University, or that he should at least be Curator of a Celtic Museum.

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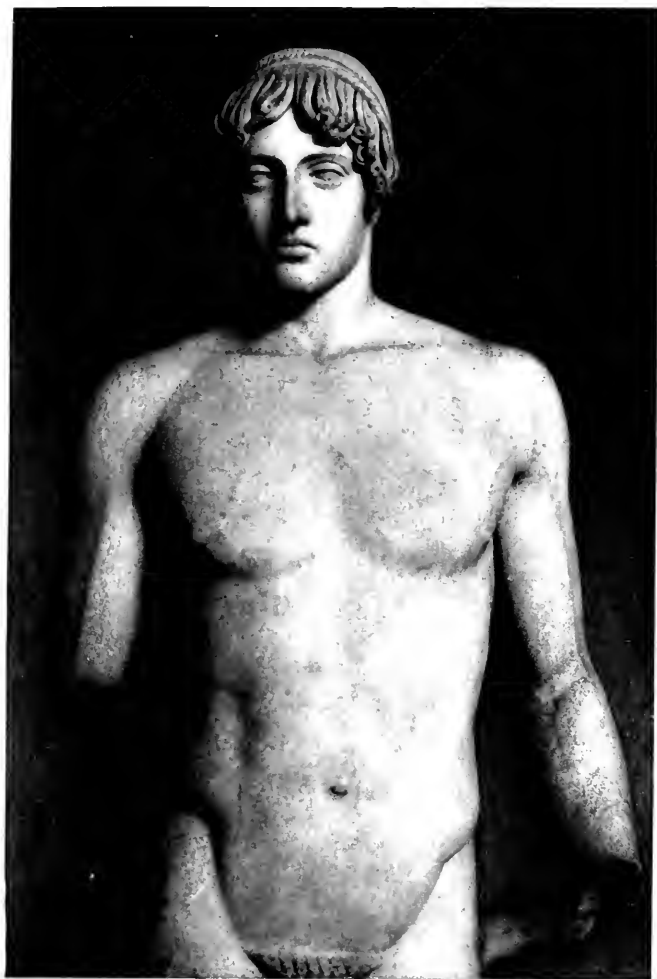
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I need not remind you that we all did go to Wells, explored Wookey Hole, and visited Mr. Balch.

We used to dream of a Ballet, like *Excelsior*, with a series of scenes round one spot on Salisbury Plain, the first showing Pre-historic Cave Man, during the recession of the ice-cap in the Palæolithic age ; the next with traces of civilization and habitation during the Neolithic period ; then the Celtic invasion, followed by the Roman, Saxon, and Norman epochs. And always the same spot, and evermore a pair of lovers, and continually the same struggle for existence, and through it all Mother Earth, like Saturn, perpetually devouring her children.

George enjoyed much an expedition to the British Museum or South Kensington. We had our favourites in both. Among the Greek sculpture in the British Museum I think he liked best what is called the 'Apollo' from the Choiseul-Gouffier Collection. Whether it is an original statue, or a copy of a bronze ; a deity, a pugilist or an athlete, is disputed, and does not matter. It is a noble figure of a young man, nude, upright, of vigorous form, belonging to the period of transition from the archaic to the central time of Greek Art (B.C. 460 ?) George was attracted by the heroic character of this figure, and the disdain of physical fear conveyed to him by the expression in the face. He preferred it, though the head is small and the breast large, to the symmetrical works of the central period. It seemed to him a more splendid type of human being. Needless to say it set him off there and then in the gallery to expound suggestive theories why within a short period of the world's history the Greek race developed art and literature at such an extraordinary pace ; why this art production permeated through all the provinces ; and why he and I should so often prefer the dawn to the mid-day of their culture. He felt, I think, what Samuel Butler expressed, that " the youth of an art is, like the youth of anything else, its most interesting period."

I must admit that these discussions generally culminated by his saying that the unventilated condition of the galleries was such, that he voted for an early exit into the open air and a drive to the Zoological Gardens. Delightful little holidays these, on off Parliamentary days, for he loved London, its old churches and associations, the good-tempered crowd,



*The Chioscul-Gouffier, Apollo*  
(British Museum)



and the courteous policemen, who must often enough have saved his life, for he walked recklessly across those dangerous streets, absorbed in discussion.

Belonging to nearly the same period of Greek art as the Apollo, is the Ludovisi relief, probably part of an altar, representing the Birth of Aphrodite. I remember taking the photograph of this, the very day I found it, to 35 Park Lane, and enjoying the gleam of delight that came into George's eyes. It has been argued that this is not archaic but archaistic work. The merit with George lay in the beauty, not the date. This exquisite fragment was found near the Villa Ludovisi in 1887; and is now in the Museo delle Terme, Rome.

There were two pieces at South Kensington we always visited, a sarcophagus, in white marble, for many ages a water-trough, on one side of which is carved in low relief, the full-length figure of a woman. The head has both a crown and a nimbus, and it is thought that it may represent Saint Justina of Padua. Like the best Italian work in low relief it shows a marvellous knowledge of how to obtain an effect of prominence without any particular depth. The extreme height of the highest point is less than three inches from the background, yet the impression given is almost that of a recumbent figure in the round. The head is sunk back naturally into the pillow, showing a lovely neck. The hair is thrown in graceful profusion round the head. The eyelids fall peacefully over the eyes as in sleep. The arms are crossed over the centre of the body. The feet are nude, and were modelled from such as have been well walked upon. The touching simplicity of this exquisite work, its truthful directness, and the grace and beauty of it affected him profoundly.

The other piece we always sought is an ivory crozier of the 13th century, his favourite epoch in the whole of human history. Here he found beauty, restraint, and the amazing sense of 'rightness' which overwhelms one in Lincoln, Salisbury, Westminster, and Chartres. In this, as in St. Justina's sarcophagus, one sees that the bossy effect given by mediæval sculpture in low relief arises from the artist creating several planes at different depths. I possess a small ivory diptych

French 14th century work, which George loved ; here the plates are less than a quarter of an inch thick, but the numerous surfaces required by the figures the Gothic arches the cross, the crockets, etc., give a surprising depth and richness to the general effect.

You had this early Gothic work close to you in your childhood at Roche Abbey, one ruined arch of which is worth all the architectural achievements of Gilbert Scott or Alfred Waterhouse.

Of all the buildings George had ever seen the Cathedral at Chartres moved him most. I fancy you must have been there with him ten or twelve times. The strength of the structure, the rigid dignity of its sculptured decoration, the mystery of the interior and the association of age satisfied all the aspirations of his æsthetic and historic senses. The sculpture here is no mere applied decoration, it seems to be a product of the structure, and to form part of the architectural inspiration, just as that grew out of the Faith. It welcomes the worshipper at each porch and gateway, like a preparatory prologue to the Divine Drama. It contains an epitome of Almighty God's dealings with the human race in the orders of nature and grace, from the creation of the world, until the Last Judgment. It is the visible Bible of the poor. When we step down in to the darkened aisles, all around us blazes a translucent mosaic of glowing colour from 130 windows, which, according to report, were all there before the year 1300. George loved the beauty and variety of the metal tracery that holds this jewelled splendour, the ingenuity that has adapted each design to the space allotted, the record these windows preserve of the local guilds of workmen, such as the vintners, the boat-builders, etc., who gave them to the Church, and the profound knowledge of Holy Scripture displayed throughout the series.

When Benny took me to Paris the day after George was laid in his grave, we went to the Sainte Chapelle and Notre Dame, to look at the windows which George and he had visited only a few days before. George loved France He had French blood in his veins, and he loved the French people



*The Birth of Aphrodite*



their poets and their language. I do indeed regret that he never saw Mimizan. Do you recall how he made me describe every detail of it after my first visit?

He loved France, and rejoiced greatly in his friendship with M. Rodin. I remember so well the night M. Rodin dined at 35, Park Lane, and met Benny, who insisted on his coming to Grosvenor House the next evening to meet the King. Difficulties as to court costume and decoration were swept on one side by George, who protested that London produced everything at a moment's notice, and would hear of no obstacles. Pamela has most kindly lent me the two following letters describing George's visit to M. Rodin near Paris:—

Pavillion de Bellevue,

Darling Pamela,—

24 Mai, 1904.

I came to these parts—as you know—to be ‘busted’ by Rodin, and, at last, have struck a perfect ‘pitch’ here at Bellevue.... You may imagine how I delighted in Rodin for four or five solid hours a day. I stand for  $\frac{1}{4}$  hour and then talk for ten minutes. We have run over the whole Universe lightly, but deeply. His conversation is something like this:—

La beauté est partout; dans le corps humain, dans les arbres, les animaux les collines, dans chaque partie du corps, aussi bien dans la vieillesse que dans la jeunesse. Tout est beau. Le modelé n'est qu'un. Dieu la fait pour réfléter la lumière et retenir l'ombre. Si nous parlons images, c'est ainsi qu'il s'est exprimé en faisant la terre. Je ne lis pas le Grec, les Grecs me parlent par leurs œuvres.... Eh bien, oui, voyez.... (prenons un moment de repos).... (Shewing one of his groups).... C'est la main de Dieu. Elle sort du rocher, du chaos, des nuages. Elle a bien la pousse d'un sculpteur. Elle tient là limon et là dessus se créent Adam et Eve. La femme c'est la couronne de l'homme. La vie, l'énergie c'est tout... ces portes? Oui, elles seront bientôt finies. J'y ai travaillé pendant vingt ans. Mais j'ai beaucoup appris pendant ce temps là D'abord, je cherchais le mouvement. Après j'ai su que les Grecs ont trouvé la vie dans le repos. C'est tout ce qu'il faut. Où la vie circule, la sculpture plaît!....

So here we are near his house at Meudon. This Bellevue, is a French Richmond. We came to it, 20 minutes in a boat, and up 100 yards in a funicular. We are on a height, amid tree-tops, in silence, with the forest of Meudon behind us. We drove in it before dinner, heard the cuckoo and nightingale; smelt the damp woods, saw the sunset and dined on a terrace as the stars came out. It is an ideal spot, 20 minutes from picture galleries, and any friend you want to see....and two minutes walk from a forest. Our rooms are light and clean and look out over the void into the stars. It is just like Cliveden. The site was chosen by Madame de Pompadour, and the ruins of her 'Brimborieu' are next the terrace, overgrown with ivy....The bust is going to be very good; not in the least catastrophic or Demiurgic, but just simply.

Your devoted brother,

GEORGE.

Pavillon de Bellevue,

26 Mai, 1904.

Darling Pamela,—

I must just add to my letter that nightingales sing here all night. I listened to them at midnight and again at 2 a.m. this morning. It is much to be on a height amid tree tops, with nightingales, six or seven, singing between you and the river below, and beyond the river, a deep violet gloom, picked out by the tearful lights of Paris. The nightingales are singing now—10.45—terrifically. I wonder what they thought of the Band which played Faust and Tristan among their trees till an hour ago?

There are soft scarfs of cloud against the stars, and sapphire darkness overhead. The acacias are Japanese in blossom. The roses ramp up old stocks. The band—thank God—has gone to bed, a dog is barking in Auteuil, over the river, I hear the whistle and pantings of trains. And these nightingales go it—jug-jug-tu-whee-whee-reu-reu-reu-whee-tu-tu-tereu, jug-jug-whee-whee-paissle-paissle-reu-too-and soforth.

As Rodin says—it is curious that with all our Art, our Sculpture, our painting, our theatres, we have done nothing so good as Nature. What an irony it is of the Aristophanes



*Saint Justina of Padua*  
( Victoria & Albert Museum )



of Heaven that we labour, with our Imperialisms and our Nationalisms, our gold-mines and transits, our Education (may God forgive us!) to make more people who shall see, and be able to see, the beauty of the World. And yet all the time we destroy it.

Here, for how long? for a year or two more, the old road reaches in zig-zag up a forbidding ascent of cobble-stones to forests as they were in the 13th century. The river flows 100 yards below. And beyond the dog barks, as when he guarded savages in their wattled forts. But further the trains pant and rumble and whistle and 'tout Paris' asserts itself in points of electric light.

Your devoted brother,

GEORGE.

*"He would have all as merry  
As, first, good company, good wine, good welcome,  
Can make good people."*

George had a great appetite for nonsense, and appreciated its recreative value. He preferred a silly joke to polished wit. Anything at the Pantomime that had a screwed-up bulb of hair on the back of its head, with a stray wisp extended from it; and wiped its nose on an apron, and had slippers down at the heel, and dealt with a wash-tub and a mangle, and pulled indescribable garments out of a clothes-basket, and talked confidentially over the footlights to the conductor of the orchestra about "Camden Passage," or "Jane's bad leg," suited him exactly.

I had to tell him sometimes precisely what I'd seen at the Halls, how Mr. Bagsden came on with a heap of crockery plates, and fell his length, and became involved with an adhesive fly-paper, ultimately leaving the stage covered with smashed-up earthenware—"all which," as he would remark at a late hour in the smoking-room, "is of so much more importance than our mechanical political operations."

Dan Leno delighted him, and I had to pick up fragments about the Zoo, and the Tower, and the Hunt, that fatal hunt, when they shouted to Dan, "Take the ditch," and he reluctantly swallowed about a pint of it—I had to gather up what I could of this delicious nonsense, because he really came to regard me as a sort of purveyor of mental pick-me-ups. How many times think you during the last 20 years has he asked for the reminiscences of that ancient metropolitan drinking-fountain, Mrs. 'Ooper? Of course he had an exquisite sense of humour, and, what was singularly satisfactory



*Ivory Brozier*  
(Victoria & Albert Museum)



to me as life advanced—no objection to old jokes. He said he liked old friends, old books, old wine and old jokes. The word ‘chestnut’ had no meaning for him as far as I was concerned, thank goodness; the only thing he hated was my asking him beforehand if he knew the story

Sometimes we would take Burton’s *Anatomy of Melancholy* from the shelves and stray lightly from chapter to chapter, dropping here and there on to priceless paragraphs, such as the following, from Burton’s section on the ‘Averters of Melancholy’ :—“ ‘Tis not amiss to bore the skull with an instrument to let out the fuliginous vapours. Sallust Salvi-  
nianus (de re medic. lib. 2. cap. 1) *because this humour hardly yields to other physick, would have the head cauterized, or the left leg below the knee, and the head bored in two or three places. for that it much avails to the exhalation of the vapours* . . . .Gordonius (cap. 13, part 2), would have these cauteries tryed last, when no other physick will serve; *the head to be shaved and bored to let out fumes, which, without doubt, will do much good.*

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Once or twice I read to him from my old edition of Sir Thomas More’s works, “The Declaration of the Sphere,” which I think supremely droll, and he was in every sense worthy of it. The scene is so ludicrous: a learned but rather hen-pecked husband, wrestling with a difficult problem, involving a very long explanation, in which he is constantly interrupted by a strong-minded wife, thereby causing confusion in his language; culminating in her triumphant refutation of the entire thesis. It is a thing seldom seen by anyone, so I will reprint it here.

It comes from the controversial English writings of Sir Thomas More. The Blessed Thomas, arguing against Tyndall, says :—“Then must Tyndall, if he make his reason like mine, make the synagogue of the Jews like to the Church of Christ in perpetuity of lasting and continuance upon earth, or else hall his argument, and his ensample, be as like to mine as I

wist once a gentle-woman make unto her husband, which longed sore to teach her, and make her perceive the treatise of the sphere, and bidding her consider well what he should shew her. And first he began at the earth, and to make her perceive that the earth hangeth in the midst of the world by the poise and weight of himself, and the air compassing the water and the earth round about on every side. You must (quoth he) learn and mark well this, that in the whole world higher and lower is nothing else but outer and inner, so that of the whole world, earth, water, air, and all the spheres above, being each in a round compass over other, the earth lieth in the very midst, and as we might say in the womb: and that is, of the whole world, from every part, the inner-most place: and from it upon all sides toward the heaven as it is outward, so is it higher, so that as I tell you in the whole world all is one higher and more outward, lower and more inward.

And therefore the earth since he is in the very midst, that is the most inward place of the whole world, he is therefore in the lowest, for of the whole world, the innermost is as I told you the lowest. And then, since the earth lieth in the lowest, his own weight you wot well must needs hold him there, because you perceive yourself that no heavy thing can of himself ascend upward.

And then the earth lying already in the lowest place, if he should fall out of place on any side, like as he should fall from the inner part to the outer, so should he fall from the lower place into the higher. And that you wot well it cannot, because it is heavy. And therefore imagine that there were a hole bored even through the whole earth, if there were a mill-stone thrown down here on this side from our feet, it should finally rest and remain in the very midst of the earth. And though the hole go through, yet the stone could not fall through, because that from the midst as it should go outward from the inner-most part, so should it (which a mill-stone may not do) ascend higher from the lowest place, because as I told you in the whole world upon every side to go outward from the innermost is ascending, and to go inward from the

outermost is descending, and ever the outer part is on every side of the whole round world the higher, and the inner part the lower.

Now while he was telling her this tale, she nothing went about to consider his words, but, as she was wont in all other things, studied all the while nothing else, but what she might say to the contrary. And when he had, with much work and oft interrupting, brought at last his tale to an end, 'well' (quoth she to him, as Tyndall saith me), 'I will argue like, and make you a like sample. My maid hath yonder a spinning-wheel ; or else, because all your reason resteth in the roundness of the world, come hither thou girl, take out thy spindle and bring me hither the whorl. Lo, sir, you make imaginations, I cannot tell you what. But here is a whorl, and it is round as the world is, and we shall not need to imagine a hole bored through, for it hath a hole bored through indeed. But yet, because you go by imaginations, I will imagine with you. Imagine me now that this whorl were ten mile thick on every side, and this hole through it still, and so great that a mill-stone might well go through it. Now if the whorl stood on the one end, and a mill-stone were thrown in above at the other end, would it go no further than the midst trow you ? By God, if one threw in a stone no bigger than an egg, I ween if you stood in the nether end of the hole, five mile beneath the midst, it would give you a pat upon your pate that it would make you claw your head, and yet should you feel none itch at all.'

It were too long a tale to tell you all their dispisions. For words would she none have lacked, though they should have disputed the space of seven years. But in conclusion, because there are no more words but one whereby he might give her a true sample, nor she could not perceive the difference between the world and the whorl, but would needs have them alike, and both one, because both were round ; her husband was fain to put up his sphere, and leave his wife her whorl, and fall in talking of some other matter."

That George himself enjoyed the humorous side of his life and surroundings may be judged from the following letter :—

Saighton Grange,  
Chester,

Oct. 20th, 1889.

My dear Charles Gatty,—

I feel impelled to write to you this morning, and should have liked to bring a fresh mind to a joyous task, but owing to the absurd ‘prickings’ that beset me (not towards our Bishop’s suggestion) but to do what appears to be work, I have wasted and jaded myself over a packet of scrawls to low politicians of the baser sort. This, and the absurd political experiences I underwent yesterday have reduced my mind to a state of “Old December bareness everywhere.”

When we publish our work on the Political and Social aspect of the Middle Classes the events of yesterday will furnish a bulky chapter. A procession in carriages at a foot’s pace with innumerable halts and eight brass bands, for two hours through the slums of Manchester all enwrapped and shrouded by a cold coal fog, lead to a Mass Meeting in the gilded hall (the worst for speaking I ever was in) of the Bellevue Gardens, glittering with flashy decoration and redolent of saw dust and swipes. Here we spoke to the many. Afterwards we dined with the few, or rather the fifty leading supporters of A.J.B. in an atmosphere you could cut with a knife. We wound up with fireworks—the principal effect being an exhibition of the capture of the Bastille, whether as an illustration of what Ireland would come to without Balfour, or a warning of the result of his policy, I did not know.

That I should write of such...only shews “How like a winter hath my absence been, from thee.” Politics and Banquets are a sad substitute for Palestrina and Browning. I forgot to read you ‘A Grammarian’s Funeral.’ You will like it.

How I wish you would come here again on the 30th or 31st, I get back on the former, and my sister Lady Elcho will be here.

The day before yesterday, the captain jewel of my carcanet, Froudy, gave us exquisite delight in which you would have shared—Princess Mary drove over from Eaton;—Froudy was seen to leave the room only to return having donned a high jet and crape bonnet in honour of H.R.H. You may suppose that Sibell and I enjoyed this. ‘Perfoo’ remembers you still by the name of ‘Gacky,’ and still appreciates the joke of ‘Crooer Perfoo.’ My journey to Ireland is put off till Tuesday. Perfoo refers to it in sad accents, “No-o-o Papa, Boat” or “Boap,” and seems to know and express all the melancholy emotions physical and mental which a departing vessel can inflict upon its human freight. This letter is to remind you that you are bound by solemn oaths to send me a complete calendar of your engagements in order that I may bully you into sharing the off days with me.

Yours affectionately,

GEORGE WYNDHAM

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I remember years ago, when he was Mr. Balfour’s Secretary, he told me they went to stay with some Tory magnate, in order to attend a political meeting. Mr. Balfour having retired for meditation before speaking, George was left to the attentions of their host, who stood by a huge silver salver crowded with all kinds of what Dan Leno termed “Refreshments.” Extending a friendly hand to George the host addressed him thus:—“I beg your pardon, sir, but I did not catch your name.” George—“Wyndham.” Host—“Wyndham? Well now thats a curious thing, for I really do believe that the very best dinner I ever had in all my life, was at the Wyndham Club!”

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Once, very late at night—or very early in the morning—after some observation of mine as to Mr. Balfour’s ordinary attitude towards politics being too detached and cold for the

average Tory voter, George said to me as I departed to rest :—  
“ The truth about Arthur Balfour is this : he knows there’s  
been one ice-age, and he thinks there’s going to be another.”

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He told me once about some visitor who had come to the house and insisted on reading out loud sensational paragraphs from the newspapers about disasters that had occurred in various parts of the country. “ My plan of campaign,” he said, was to subscribe to a disreputable journal that kept up its circulation solely on horrors. Armed with this I no longer dreaded the startling announcement at breakfast that a lady had fallen over the cliff at Bamborough, for I was able to cap it at once with the burning of a hundred Sunday school children in the State of Illinois. In this way it gradually dawned upon my guest that a few mineral trucks off the line at Doncaster was of no use at all, when I was ready on the spot with an entire excursion train precipitated from a suspension bridge in Kansas.”

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He had a practical joke played on him, and I think he must have enjoyed it, when the Commanding Officer of the opposing force in the yeomanry manoeuvres, crept in the darkness under the tent after George’s mess dinner, and heard from below the table the entire programme of attack for next day’s battle, retiring about 2 a.m. to re-arrange his troops, but leaving a smouldering squib under George’s chair !

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The time I saw him laugh most was when I first got hold of “ The Wallet of Kai Lung,” and read extracts to him from the Probation of Sen Heng. By the time we got to the incident of the imitation ducks the tears rolled down his cheeks. You will remember our reading the book aloud at Chief Secre-

tary's Lodge George begged me to write to the author and express our gratitude to him which I did. The *Wallet* is a masterpiece of restrained humour. The characters and incidents in the various tales are not more absurd than those in many another story-book, but the atmosphere in which they live and move, created chiefly by a sustained flow of grave but ornate oriental courtesy among all concerned, and an exceptionally large and happy selection of unexpected adjectives among the descriptions, produces an effect which cannot be described. If one had to select a short passage conveying the tone of the work, I think the following autobiography of the Brigand Chief in the introductory chapter is as typical as any :—

“ ‘ It would be useless to try to conceal from a person of your inspired intelligence that I am indeed Lin Yi,’ continued the robber. ‘ It is a dignified position to occupy, and one for which I am quite incompetent. In the sixth month of the third year ago, it chanced that this unworthy person, at that time engaged in commercial affairs at Knei Yang, became inextricably immersed in the insidious delights of quail-fighting. Having been entrusted with a large number of taels with which to purchase elephants’ teeth, it suddenly occurred to him that if he doubled the number of taels by staking them upon an exceedingly powerful and agile quail, he would be able to purchase twice the number of teeth, and so benefit his patron to a large extent. This matter was clearly forced upon his notice by a dream, in which he perceived one whom he *then* understood to be the benevolent spirit of an ancestor, in the act of stroking a particular quail, upon whose chances he accordingly placed all he possessed. Doubtless evil spirits had been employed in the matter ; for to this person’s great astonishment, the quail in question failed in a very discreditable manner at the encounter. Unfortunately, this person had risked not only the money which had been entrusted to him, but all that he had himself become possessed of by some years of honourable toil and assiduous courtesy as a professional witness in law cases. Not doubting that his patron would see that he was himself greatly to blame

in confiding so large a sum of money to a comparatively young man of whom he knew little, this person placed the matter before him, at the same time showing him that he would suffer in the eyes of the virtuous if he did not restore this person's savings, which, but for the presence of the larger sum, and a generous desire to benefit his patron, he would never have risked in so uncertain a venture as that of quail-fighting. Although the facts were laid in the form of a dignified request instead of a demand by legal means, and the reasoning carefully drawn up in columns on fine parchment by a very illustrious writer, the reply which this person received showed him plainly that a wrong view had been taken of the matter, and that the time had arrived when it became necessary for him to make a suitable rejoinder by leaving the city without delay."

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He got some excellent humour from many guests at Chief Secretary's Lodge. I remember Lord Atkinson telling him a yarn about an Irishman in a West American Bar whose straitened circumstances caused him to offer his services at a low rate for any occupation available. The offer was accepted by the proprietor of a travelling menagerie, whose lion had died that very day. The proposal was that the Irishman should be sewn into the lion's skin, and exhibited at the evening performance. All went well till the entertainment began, when the Proprietor commenced his speech, to an accompaniment of drums and trumpets, by announcing that he proposed to bring together in one large cage, the cat, the monkey, the dog, the lion and the tiger. Upon this the lion began to protest, but was silenced by the tiger raising his paw and remarking in a well-known accent "You needn't mind me sure I'm from Roscommon myself."

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Some one else in Dublin gave us an excellent reminiscence of Father Healy. It seems that after he became celebrated

as a wit an old college acquaintance, an elderly Priest in County Galway, wrote to remind him of early days, and expressed the hope that they might meet again. Father Healy replied saying he lived at Bray, and that if the Priest ever came to Dublin he would be glad to see him. By return of post came a letter saying that he was coming in a few days, so Father Healy asked him to dinner. In ten minutes after arrival he was discovered to be a first-class bore, so Father Healy suggested they should go up to the Royal Dublin Society and attend a lecture by some Jesuit Father on a remote province of Africa. When they got to the Hall the Lecturer was showing the lantern slide of a huge chimpanzee, and speaking of this animal as "a most humane, tractable, obedient creature." "What an outrage," says Father Healy, "how can you a Christian Minister sit and hear that horrible animal called humane, tractable, and obedient? For goodness sake get up and make a protest." The old man rose to his feet and pointing to the chimpanzee asked with considerable warmth, "Do you mean to tell me, sir, that that awful looking creature there is humane, tractable and obedient?" Upon which Father Healy stood up, and pointing to the old priest, said to the Lecturer with great dignity, "Don't answer him, Sir, I know that old man well, he's looking for a cheap curate."

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Another Irish tale that delighted him was one about two men who set out for a walk to Ballinasloe, being told before they started that the distance was fourteen miles. After two hours steady trudge along the road one of them enquired of a man breaking stones, "Are we on the right way to Ballinasloe?" "You are, Sorr," was the reply. "And how far might it be?" he asked. "It will be just fourteen miles from here to Ballinasloe" responded their informant. On they went again for another two hours, and then stopped and shouted to a woman hoeing turnips in a field, "Are we on the right road to Ballinasloe?" "You are, Sorr," says she. "And how far is it from here?" he de-

manded. "Well, from the corner there," says the woman "we call it just fourteen miles to Ballinasloe." Upon which the enquirer turned to his companion and said, "Thanks be to God, Mike, we are *holding our own!*"

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There was one standard joke that went on for years, and adapted itself to many and various occasions. It arose out of a letter written to me in 1874 by my sister, Mrs. Ewing, then on a visit to an old governess of ours, whose intellect, never very strong, had begun to ramble, over-weighted with the responsibilities of a school, and the farrago of pretentious generalizations imported into her class-rooms by German professors. The letter is published in my sister's Memoir, and I will only repeat here what is necessary:—

"I have been staying with M M. I wish I could impart my mental gleanings. I made several experiments on her intellect. I tried to *pin her* again and again—but QUITE without success—or (on *her* part) sense of failure. I tried to remember what she had said afterwards—and I could not succeed. I couldn't carry a single sentence. Generally speaking I gather that—

'The Kelts are destroying themselves—the Teutonic Element MUST prevail—one feels—genius—the thing—Herr Beringer—Dr. Zerffi—but whatever one may FEEL, so it is! Every other nation COMMENCED when we LEAVE OFF. WE BEGAN with the DRAMA and left off with the Epic—Milton's—What is-it? But there you have Hamlet—where do you find a character like HAMLET?—NO WHERE! That's the beauty of it.....Last week Dr. Zerffi said—'All religions are one and one religion is all—particularly the Brahmas.' It was splendid! and none of the young ladies knew it before they came.....He's a great man—and the Teutonic Element *must* prevail. The Kelts are very charming, but they will go. We've the same facial angle as the Hindoo," etc., etc.,

It was this that caused George to write to me from the House of Commons on an eventful evening :—

“ My dear Charles,—

As the Irish M.P.'s were borne out shouting and struggling by 10 policemen to each member, I remarked, ‘ The Celts are very charming but they must go.’

Yours affectionately,

GEORGE W.

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He delighted in Mrs. Ewing's work, and wrote reproachfully to me in September, 1897, “ WHY did you never read us ‘ Hoo oor wee Baby was burrnt ’ in Mrs. Ewing's letters ? It makes me cry with laughter.” My sister gives it thus in a letter to my aunt, Mrs. Elder :—

“ I don't know if the following will *read* comprehensibly. *Told* it was overwhelming, and was a prime favourite with the Scotch audience.

Hoo oor Baby was burned.

(How our Baby was burnt).

(You must realize a kind of amiable bland *whine* in the way of telling this. A caressing tone in the Scotch drawl, as the good lady speaks of *oor wee Wullie*, etc. Also a roll of the r's on the word burned).

‘ Did ye never hear hoo oor wee Baby was burrnt ? Well ye see—it was *this* way. The Minister and me had been to *Peebles*—and we were awfu' tired, and we were just haeing oor bit suppers—when oor wee Wullie cam doon-stairs and he says—‘ Mither, Baby's *burrning*.’

“ — Y' unerstan it was the day that the Minister and me were at Peebles. We were *awful* tired, and we were just at oor suppers, and the Minister says (very loud and nasal), ‘ *Ca'll Nurrse !* ’—but as it rarely and unfortunately happened—Nurrse was washing and she couldna be fashed.

“ And in a while our WEE Wullie cam down the stairs again, and he says—‘ Mither ! Baby's burning.’

"—as I was saying the Minister and me had been away over at Peebles, and we were in the verra midst of oor suppers, and I said to him—' Why didna ye call Nurse ? '—and off he ran. "—and there was the misfirtune of it—Nurrse was washing, and she would'nt be fashed.

" And—in—a while—oor wee Wullie—came down the stairs again—and he says, ' Mither ! Baby's burrrned.' And that was the way oor poor wee baby was burnt ! "

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One night at Clouds the conversation turned on Norman Angell's " Great Illusion," and George, addressing himself to Chesterton, warmed up to a somewhat violent diatribe against the Cosmopolitan ideal, ending up with " I think that sort of thing is the very devil." To which Chesterton immediately replied, " It certainly was he who took Him to the top of the mountain, and showed Him *all the kingdoms of the world !* "

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He laughed a good deal over a somewhat interminable ballad I wrote about a parrot, who lived in a garret, and amused himself by widening a hole in the wall made by some mice, and dragging out manuscripts from a hidden recess. The pith of the matter is in the last 5 verses —

"He dragged them behind and he pushed them before,  
Till the litter of centuries covered the floor,  
And amongst it a manuscript volume of plays,  
In a very neat hand of Elizabeth's days.

The experts poured in from the ends of the earth  
To examine that book and determine its worth  
They argued so long it became quite renowned.  
Though no satisfactory solution was found

Till Doctor Erasmus Simonides Johnson,  
A Professor at large from the State of Wisconsin,  
Pronounced it at once without hesitation,  
As Shakespeare's handwriting at Bacon's dictation.

It was put up at Christie's and offered for sale,  
And the bidding drove on like a leaf in a gale,  
Till the price of that document stands undefeated,  
Since Morgan and Rockefeller's agents competed.

The house is pulled down and the family dead,  
But the Parrot lives on, aged eighty 'tis said;  
Ungrateful descendants whose wealth he had found,  
Having spent all the cash sold the bird for a pound.

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There was a reminiscence concerning his father that George always enjoyed, especially as Pamela said that I told it all wrong, which was probably true, as she was there. Anyway my version of the story ran like this. George's father was on a visit with Pamela, to Longleat. The day they left there was considerable discussion between Lord Bath and Mr. Wyndham as to the shortest cross-country railway route to their destination; a friendly suit, Bradshaw *versus* Bradshaw. In the end Mr. Wyndham had his way, and he and Pamela were driven to a small, bleak, high-level station, miles from anywhere, the sort of thing you only get on fells, or downs, or Salisbury Plain. Here they and their luggage were discharged with the assistance of the footman, no porter being visible. The next stage of the tragedy was when the Honourable Percy, finding the General Waiting Room entirely bereft of humanity, and this within ten minutes of the down train, bangs on the wooden window of the booking-office, but without any effect at all; illustrating the Arab proverb with regard to abortive attempts at familiarity, "Ten thousand raps on the door, but no salutation from within!" The thing was getting desperate. Out on to the platform. Not a soul

there, but about 30 yards up a siding a porter, with scuttle and shovel getting coals off a truck for the Waiting-room. Here at last is something. "Hi! Hi!"—I can see and hear it all—"Where's this down train?" "There be no down train." "You mean to tell me you've no 2.35 from here to Warminster?" "There be no train to Warminster till five minutes to fower."

A sense of injury began to rankle in the sufferer's breast. No doubt the Bradshaw at Longleat was one, possibly two years' old. "Of course Bath could argue, must have argued, if we were looking at railway guides of different years. It's an extraordinary thing but you never can get servants to"—"Where's the Station-Master?" "He be at dinner." Back again into the Waiting-room where the patient Pamela sits crowned with an aureole of Swine-Fever placards and lists of persons prosecuted for travelling without tickets. An hour and a half! Appalling prospect! The landscape outside offers no solace, only a wide, bleak, seemingly endless vista of flat wind-swept fields, covered with broken flints, and dotted here and there with an occasional shepherd's hut on wheels. No literature but uncertain time-tables, County Council placards, hanging sheets of menacing texts from the prophet Isaiah, concluding with the consolatory promise that the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and emigration advertisements displaying huge vessels, crossing tropical seas, crowded with passengers, reclining in deck chairs under gay awnings, listening to orchestral music—an aggravating contrast to the fate of two poor derelict creatures, cast away in a remote road-side railway station, without friends or refreshments, excepting the usual decanter of doubtful water, rimmed with a pale brown bacteriological deposit.

He pries into every corner, examines everything within range, signals, water-tank, oil lamps, and even an unclaimed sack, lying on the platform, labelled to one Warren, of Windy Ridge farm, containing two live young pigs apparently trying to walk away at the same moment in opposite directions. Then he sits down in the waiting-room to see it through.

Suddenly, and most unexpectedly, the doors are thrust open, and two women with a perambulator are blown in to the premises. In one's worst troubles it is something to have fellow-sufferers. They also must have been deceived. He becomes interested. They seat themselves and draw up the perambulator. He adjusts his eye-glass and awaits their word of sympathy. After a short pause the younger of the two lifts her eyes to the clock and says, "It's nice to be in such nice time." To which the older woman responds, "Yes, beautiful time." This was almost more than he could stand—people deliberately rejoicing in disaster! Three minutes go by and the older woman, anxious to confirm their gratitude for all that Providence has arranged, says, "It is nice to be in such nice time, isn't it?" Upon which the younger woman echoes, "Beautiful time." Then the bib at the top end of the perambulator is pushed up by two tiny pink hands, and the doting parent leans over the conveyance exclaiming "*Leonard! Beaut-eye Boy!*"

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I remember well George's amusement over an adventure I had in Hyde Park, close to your house. I was walking along, day-dreaming, when suddenly, from a crowd of strollers, a lady of considerable dimensions, gazed steadily into my face, broke into a bright smile of conscious recognition, and before I could collect my thoughts, rushed forward, seized me by the hand, exclaiming "Why, it's Captain Nicholson!" Well, of course it wasn't, and I ought to have said so, and I didn't, partly owing to an involuntary sinking sensation in the solar plexus, but chiefly because the blow was so sudden and unexpected and the lady so precise and positive, that I stood fascinated like a rabbit in front of a rattle-snake, half persuaded that I really must be some sort of Nicholson.

In any situation of this delicate kind, delay is dangerous. An immediate repudiation of identity carries weight, but one cannot put it off. If you hesitate you are lost. The thing is a quagmire, and to pause is to sink. I sank.

"How delightful to see you again after all these years; you must come and dine with us at the Grosvenor Hotel; and here is Cosmo." As I shook the husband's hand I was conscious of a misgiving in his expression which so alarmed me that I excused a hasty retreat on the plea of having to dress for dinner, and bolted. My last vision was a skittish wave of a red parasol, from behind which came the suggestive little aside—"Oh! those nights at Simla!" It was some time before I had courage to face the Park again, alone.

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I think the last joke we all laughed at together was Percy's American dialogue admirably narrated at the tenants' dinner that last Christmas, of which the following is an imperfect representation:—

"Well, and how have things being going with you?"

"Pretty fair, I've had my ups and my downs."

"That's good."

"Well, not so good, for my father's dead."

"That's bad."

"Well, not so bad, for he left me his farm and stock."

"That's good."

"Well, not so good, for all the stock took rinderpest and died."

"That's bad."

"Well, not so bad, for they were all insured over value."

"That's good."

"Well, not so good, for the Insurance Company burst and the Chairman blew his brains out."

"That's bad."

"Well, not so bad, for I married the widow."

"That's good."

"Well, not so good, for she was a woman with a very violent temper."

"That's bad."

"Well, not so bad, for she had any quantity of money."

"That's good."

" Well, not so good, for in one of her tantrums she set fire to our house."

" That's bad."

" Well, not so bad, for she perished in the flames."

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He had prepared for us all, during the last days in Paris, a 'surprise' joke. We were to dine with him in London, I think on the Monday that brought us the fatal news. Percy set the wires going to find us all. I do not think George divulged the secret even to you ; but now we know that he had found a collection of mechanical toys, figures of animals, which on being wound up, march in procession into the dining-room. He wrote to Bendor on June 4, " I found a glorious menagerie of animals and will bring them too, or send them by express post. I made them all perform with Belloc, who shouted and danced with glee at their antics."

*" Give me my robe, put on my crown ; I have  
Immortal longings in me."*

Somebody, I think a lady, once said to me, " I know you're a Catholic, but what do you *really* think about religion ? It was a large order, and I did my best, but only because I happened to have answered practically the same question in print, and had been compelled to sort and express my ideas about it ; otherwise I might have been embarrassed.

And yet that lady only tried to find out what we all want to know about people who interest us, or have become eminent in science or philosophy, or are about to die. Most of us have a look occasionally at the conversation of Socrates, and the letters of the Blessed Thomas More, in face of death, and even at the suicide's letter in the daily paper. We all like to read what Newton and Kelvin had to say about the existence of God and a future life. When I say " we all," of course I exclude the Materialists, they hate this sort of thing. Their fury with men like Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir William Crookes, is like the anger of the Shakespeare-Bacon Baronet, with that ' Stratford Crown.' They are annoyed because vitalism is interesting and, therefore, popular, whilst mechanism is as dull as a threshing machine. People do want to know what intellectual men think about the religious problem, so let this be my excuse for writing a few words about the attitude of George's mind towards this great subject.

It is sometimes surprising to Catholics that an intellectual man who has no Protestant prejudices, to whom authority, dogma, logic, and ceremonial are not hateful, can resolutely say ' I have accepted as well as inherited the Elizabethan settlement, and there's an end on it.' Nevertheless it happens.

As far as my knowledge goes George thought that Providence had put him on board this vessel, that it was part of his national and tribal equipment, and that to abandon it for an open sea, possibly to float up the Tiber, but possibly also to drift into some uncharted estuary, was not required of him: He was a loyal member of the established Church of England. In the early morning of the most important day of his life, the day he introduced his Irish Land Bill in to the House of Commons, he went to Holy Communion.

He would have been right glad I know if Erasmus and not Luther had led the religious strike of the 16th century. He looked upon the destruction of the monasteries as a terrible disaster, intellectual and political. He revered the Christian charity shown by the religious orders amongst the Catholic poor, and often spoke about the Saints and heroes he had known amongst the priests in the West of Ireland. In fact he was an Anglican with Catholic instincts.

But George lived during a time when enlightened minds were attacking the foundations of every form of Christian faith, and in these speculations, and in the replies made to them, he was deeply interested. The origin of man, the antiquity of the human race, whether the universe be the issue of chance or purpose, whether or not our little life be "rounded with a sleep," on these questions he read much and talked often, like a boy bathing who holds on to the bank whilst feeling with his feet to try how deep the stream is.

The mechanical view of the universe had no attraction for him whatever. He could not reconcile a purposeful man with a purposeless world. He had been brought up on Wordsworth's "Character of the Happy Warrior," and he really had a plan and purpose throughout his whole life, which he would not let any German materialist tarnish with misty speculation. He did not believe that logic and the laboratory are the only roads to truth. He did not believe that the most elaborate catalogue of the chemical ingredients which constitute a woman's frame offers any complete explanation of the maternal instinct which reigns therein. But he welcomed every effort made by the intuition and intellect of man

to decipher the huge hieroglyphic of the visible universe, and wanted room for everybody to speak his mind.

I have written earlier in this letter about the influence of nature upon George's temperament. He experienced always a subtle sympathetic intimacy through the senses with all natural phenomena, with light and darkness, sound, scent and colour. "Some of my friends," he said to me once or twice, "notice nothing when we go for a walk, and spoil my sunset with gossip and politics." I think he felt that there is a sort of sacramental union between the seen and the unseen universe, dimly apprehended by our ordinary senses, but more apparent to those less cultivated instincts and intuitions which rush in and seize the helm of the human being at certain magic moments, and yet seem to habitually guide the functions of many other forms of life. Intense physical and intellectual rapture at the beauty of the world, intense joy in the glory of sun and moon and stars and hills and streams, brought about in George at times an exalted emotion, akin, possibly to the "fine frenzy" of Shakespeare, that glances from heaven to earth, and from earth to heaven, seeking perchance by intuition to grasp some undiscovered relation between things temporal and eternal. In such moments it is possible that men realise intimations of immortality, and move about in worlds not realized :—

"There's a sunset touch,  
A fancy from a flower-bell, some one's death,  
A chorus-ending from Euripides,—  
And that's enough for fifty hopes and fears  
As old and new at once as Nature's self,  
To rap and knock and enter in our soul."

"Hence in a season of calm weather  
Though inland far we be,  
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea  
Which brought us hither.  
Can in a moment travel thither,  
And see the children sport upon the shore,  
And hear the mighty waters rolling ever more."

Early in our friendship there was at times a note of supreme sadness in his philosophy about the transient character of life. In November, 1889, he wrote to me :—

“ The ‘ *waste* ’ in the world ; the purposeless decay of lovely things with nothing effected by their death ; dying flowers, falling leaves, ruined works of art, and thoughts that perished even before they blossomed into expression, are to me the very type of the principle of EVIL in this world.”

In later days this pessimistic note disappeared, as he grasped a wider and deeper view of man’s work and destiny. His first view was the inexperienced vision of childhood, the baby reaching out its hand to grasp the distant spire. But from first to last there was always the same tremendous sympathy. “ I can’t tell you,” he wrote to Pamela in 1912, “ the loveliness of the dawn at Clouds this morning. I watched it, and sunrise, and the mists, and the moon, from my window for one and a half hours.”

Before this he wrote to me :—“ I wish you were here to-day, to walk with us in the ‘ happy autumn fields.’ To-day there is silence and such peace everywhere. A few trees still golden, and the sky blue, in calm defiance of Winter’s alarm. I have a lot of work to do, but I sit and stare out of the window at the green meadows kissed by the ‘ golden face ’ of the sun, already ‘ reeling ’ from the day with ‘ weary car.’ One ploughed field set in their midst, almost the colour of a rich crimson-lake, and beyond a soft blue haze against the hills.

The delight of the eyes is a great deal to me. So many people dream of it no more than the red cow walking in the second green field, who is unconsciously giving me exquisite pleasure as the sun shines on her back.

I belong very much to this world of sense, and hope Blougram is right in thinking this the wisest course. I run no risk of being naked before I reach Timbuctoo.....

My friend, I will write no more, though if you were here I would talk with you all day and night, as you know by experience. Let us meet soon.

Yours ever,

GEORGE WYNDHAM.”

The allusion is to Browning's "Bishop Blougram's Apology" :—

"Do you know, I have often had a dream  
 (Work it up in your next month's article)  
 Of man's poor spirit in its progress, still  
 Losing true life for ever and a day  
 Through ever trying to be and ever being—  
 In the evolution of successive spheres—  
*Before* its actual sphere and place of life,  
 Halfway into the next, which having reached,  
 It shoots with corresponding foolery  
 Halfway into the next still, on and off!  
 As when a traveller, bound from North to South,  
 Scouts fur in Russia; what's its use in France?  
 In France spurns flannel; where's its need in Spain?  
 In Spain drops cloth, too cumbrous for Algiers!  
 Linen goes next, and last the skin itself,  
 A superfluity at Timbuctoo."

"To be human is to change; to be perfect is to have changed often." We pass on in life from things seen to things unseen like St. Augustine and St. Monica at Ostia. Fresh ideals beckon us on as our vision of life expands with experience and George's early superficial pessimism gave way to deeper and deeper trust in the spiritual view of life. Among the writings that influenced him in this direction I would name 'The Book of Thel' by William Blake. He introduced me to this wonderful poem, as exalted in language as it is in thought. Is there anything in English verse finer than these seven lines put into the mouth of the clod of earth? :—

"O beauty of the vales of Har! We live not for ourselves,  
 Thou seest me, the meanest thing, and so I am indeed.  
 My bosom of itself is cold, and of itself is dark;  
 But He that loves the lowly pours His oil upon my head,  
 And kisses me, and binds His nuptial bands around my breast  
 And says :—'Thou mother of My children, I have loved thee,  
 And I have given thee a crown that none can take away.'"

Now we had discussed, time and again, the interpretation of the Book of Thel, and had been dissatisfied with the results. We could account for a good deal, but not for all. So I applied to Father John O'Connor, as true a poet as he is a friend, and he sent me, in October, 1901, an interpretation which I am, herewith, going to print, without permission, partly because he might object, but chiefly because George saw the manuscript as I give it, and was greatly interested in it. I do not print the whole poem because you, and all his family know it well.

ESSAY ON THE BOOK OF THEL.

All the living creatures of the world were busy with their daily life, except the youngest, the Human Soul, the latest thing made on this earth. She gave way to misgivings about the meaning and aim of existence, and allowed herself to be overcome with base self-pity for her doom of death.

But from the lily of the valley she learns the minuteness of its beauty and the constant care of God for its appointed life and course, during which He makes it seem as if all Nature were for its sake. Even when it melts, it nourishes other beauteous things, for the soul of beauty does not die.

Moreover the lily is for the sake of the lamb, the field, the kine, and cheerfully is their minister, smiling in their faces the while.

Yet Thel objects that she is an object of pity, and does not stand alone. She shares the sorrows of the Cloud. Here the lily calls the Cloud to witness that its early death is not a sorrow, and the Cloud affirms that it is but the beginning of its joy, it dies to rise again.

Thel says her life is not like this, and her death is not like the death of the Cloud. The Cloud in its dying is the life of the flowers, but Thel is only food for worms.

Here the Cloud takes up the parable. If so, how great thy usefulness, how good thy fortune! Come forth, Worm of the earth and give earth's queen her lesson!

The worm cannot speak for itself, so Mother-Earth answers for it.

The comparison of the worm to a child just born, that only shows life by writhings and cries, is a two-edged sword of poesy. The worm by its writhing, calls to mind the red human thing; the child's cries are heard by Blake as belonging to the worm.

But the Clay, mother of all bodies, makes things clear. "O Beauty of the vales of Har, we live not for ourselves. Even I that of myself can produce nothing wherefor I may live, am by the nuptial grace of God the mother of endless life. This I ponder, though I cannot ponder. Yet, I live and love."

Thel 'dries the tears of pity with her white veil.' The Soul is being converted to see the deep meanings of the least things of creation. But with the white veil of her body she brushes away these tears of sympathy. She grows anxious for the body, that it must leave its shining lot for the cold bed of clay.

So she is admitted to the secrets of the grave, and sees how every human heart is in some measure steadied and orientated by death, has deep anchorage for its tortuous unrest, is made more solicitous about the end and meaning of existence. Death does this—not so much the prospect of our own death, as the death of those we cherish.

Thel witnesses and realises the sorrow and horror of death in a gross material aspect very different from the sentimental gloom which caused her first questionings. She is stricken dumb. She stood in silence listening to the voices of the ground till to her own grave-plot she came, and there she sat down. But from the hollow pit sorrow driven home to her—real sorrow this time—speaks with a very different voice, asking questions which drive her mind upon one inevitable conclusion.

Why are we tempted through our senses, ears and eyes, helpless as they are to resist what approaches them?

Again, why have our senses such power of expression, attraction, repulsion, so far beyond mere material effects? Note well, "eyelids stored with arrows ready drawn." The eyelashes are compared to weapons of attack. Compare Mrs

Meynell's beautiful essay on the eyelid as the greatest organ of expression.

Whence do eye and tongue derive their vast gifts and graces ?

Why the infinite receptivity of ear and nostril ?

ANSWER.

There is a soul behind which can reject what the senses cannot refuse.

The eye gives more than itself when it is the almoner of the soul. So does the tongue.

The ear draws in what is endlessly greater than itself, for the soul is not too narrow to contain it all.

The nostril inhales fear because of the spirit that fears—i.e., the nostril widens with fear more than with its natural action of breathing, and the larger draught accelerates the pulse, defending the soul against fear.

In fine, the body is not for its own sake but for something deeper, wider, greater than itself. Its aim and work here, even if it perished without reprieve, would justify its life, and make it worth living.

But : Why a tender curb upon the youthful burning boy ? Why a little curtain of flesh on the bed of our desire ? Because not even the soul lives for itself, and the body's last expression of the soul's self-giving must be withheld until the soul is ripe for the marriage of true minds, which ought to precede the carnal consummation, and which is the last stage in the soul's growth. Nature says to the body : " Wait for the soul." Here is the body then, dead to its most intimate instinct until the soul's fullness of time. Is this not a parable that the body's complete death is but another " Wait " for a fuller growth of the soul ? The brutes obey each impulse implicitly, because they live by a sensitive soul alone, not by a spiritual form which perpetuates, for good or ill the sensitive appetites to which it yields consent.

Thel shrieks with the greatness of the awaking from gentle gloom and irresponsibility, to stern immortality."

One word more about the solemn thought of immortality and I have done. It is an extract from an article by Henri Bergson which George read to me, in both languages, with great fervour and delight, a few months before he died :—  
“ Consider exceptional joys like those of the great artist who has produced a masterpiece, of the scientific man who has made a discovery or invention. We sometimes say they have worked for glory and derive their greatest satisfaction from the applause of mankind. Profound mistake ! We care for praise in the exact measure in which we feel not sure of having succeeded ; it is because we want to be reassured as to our own value and as to the value of what we have done that we seek praise and prize glory. But he who is certain, absolutely certain, that he has brought a living work to the birth, cares no more for praise and feels himself beyond glory, because there is no greater joy than that of feeling oneself a creator. If, then, in every province, the triumph of life is expressed by creation, ought we not to think that the ultimate reason of human life is a creation which, in distinction from that of the artist or man of science, can be pursued at every moment and by all men alike ; I mean the creation of self by self, the continual enrichment of personality by elements which it does not draw from outside, but causes to spring forth from itself ?

May we not, therefore, suppose that the passage of consciousness through matter is destined to bring precision,—in the form of distinct personalities,—tendencies or potentialities which at first were mingled, and also to permit these personalities to test their force whilst at the same time increasing it by an effort of self-creation ? On the other hand, when we see that consciousness, whilst being at once creation and choice, is also memory, that one of its essential functions is to accumulate and preserve the past, that very probably . . . the brain is an instrument of forgetfulness as much as one of remembrance, and that in pure consciousness nothing of the past is lost, the whole life of a conscious personality being an indivisible continuity, are we not led to suppose that the effort continues *beyond*, and that in this passage of consciousness through matter . . . consciousness is tempered like steel

and tests itself by clearly constituting personalities and preparing them, by the very effort which each of them is called upon to make, for a higher form of existence? If we admit that with man consciousness has finally left the tunnel, that everywhere else consciousness has remained imprisoned, that every other species corresponds to the arrest of something which in man succeeded in overcoming resistance and in expanding almost freely, thus displaying itself in true personalities capable of remembering all and willing all and controlling their past and their future, we shall have no repugnance in admitting that in man, though perhaps in man alone, consciousness pursues its path beyond this earthly life."

*'In evil days, when earth is old,  
And faith grows dim, and love is cold,  
Let Christian footsteps softly tread  
Where lie beneath the faithful dead;  
And oft let Faith and Love repair,  
To gather light and kindling there.'*

I have looked through the pages of this letter, which has rambled up anyhow of its own accord, and I find it but a scant reflection of this *ignis ardens* of humanity. I feel like one sitting in front of a fire that has gone out, and wishing I had more often warmed my hands before its generous blaze. So vital was he that my mind refuses to think of him as asleep and silent. So much does he still cling round those who love him, that it seems at times as if a pass-word would send him rushing into their midst. Samuel Butler says that "The whole life of some people is a kind of partial death—a long, lingering death-bed, so to speak, of stagnation and nonentity." But George's whole life was a species of continual animation, perpetual re-creation, and conquest over stagnation. As some one wrote of his last moments, precipitated by heart seizure:—*Defying time, and death, and destiny, He stormed the gates of immortality!* He burnt himself out with sheer excess of functional activity. Function in him was not, as Shakespeare says, "smothered in surmise"; he *did* things he rushed out to realize and exercise all the natural and supernatural endowments of his soul and body. This was a great quality in him, but it brought corresponding defects.

The intellectual processes necessary for an active political career, especially in critical times, demand not only wide reading, constant consultation, and intense concentration

but require also a certain amount of quiet leisure for unconscious cerebration. In later days George got too little of this. He spread himself, and spent himself, until his friends, I for one, felt shy of intruding on his time. He complained that I hid myself, and so I did. The door-bell of 35 Park Lane was always ringing. Groups of politicians, constituents, the promoters of literary enterprises, and friends in difficulties came for consultation, and his days became overcrowded. He was jostled, worried, pressed and tired. His chivalrous generosity would not let him muffle the bell, or relax his correspondence, or his public speaking, but the effect on him was not good, and he knew it. He got 'on the go' and could not stop. Mentally exhausted, he increased rather than diminished his physical exercises and sandwiched in yeomanry manœuvres, polo, tennis and hunting, between shadow-cabinets, political memoranda, speeches in the country, front opposition bench work in the House, the settlement of his father's affairs, and the problems of the Clouds' estate. Those who came nearest to him saw that he was a man whirling rather than walking through his days. It is not given to mortal man to enjoy such qualities as he possessed, untarnished by these drawbacks. Intense exuberance of intellectual and animal energy cannot always be restrained, over-mastering moments must come. "He mistook animal spirits for vigour," and overdrew his physical account. "There is a myth among some Eastern nation that at the birth of Genius an unkind fairy marred all the good gifts of the other fairies by depriving it of the power of knowing where to stop."

Long ago I had wanted him to abandon politics and give his life to literature. Loyalties held him and I could not press it. Last year he reminded me of my wish—he had begun to think of it—Clouds, farming, literature and archæology.

In the midst of this whirl he had at times misgivings whether some might think him lacking in consideration of them. Of course people don't talk about such things, but we are all very exacting, and are prone to *think* about them. Well, if there be any such silent claimants on George's spiritual estate for unrequited love, let them remember that no man

ever spent himself with more lavish prodigality than he. You know better than I, that if your children read these pages, they will say to themselves, 'how true this all is, how near he came to everyone of us, sharing our joys and sorrows, sympathizing with our anxieties, and loving our children.' And they will be right. George had clean forgot how to be selfish; he only seemed selfish to one because he was absorbed in another. This is why he was placed after death by those who knew him best among the souls described by Samuel Butler "who do actually live in us, and move us to higher achievements though they be long dead, whose life thrusts out our own and over-rides it....who draw us ever more towards them from youth to age, and to think of whom is to feel at once that we are in the hands of those we love, and whom we would most wish to resemble. What is the secret of the hold that these people have upon us? Is it not that while, conventionally speaking, alive, they most merged their life in, and were in fullest communion with those among whom they lived? They found their lives in losing them. We never love the memory of anyone unless we feel that he or she was himself or herself a lover."

In the realm of real life, as a functional human being, amongst his fellow men, George had a profound sympathy with all who were perplexed by the mysteries and miseries that surround us. I know no one who realised more deeply than he that "to come into the world is to come upon a cross, and that to be born man is to hold out hands and feet to be crucified." Like the Father of Solomon's House in Bacon's *Atlantis*, "*He had an aspect as if he pitied men*," and those in trouble recognised it instinctively. But those who get into trouble are often the thoughtless, and the thoughtless do not face the serious aspects of life, but go gaily off to play golf, and sail yachts until there is a catastrophe—the wife that ought to stay at home goes away, or the wife that ought to go wants to stay,—or somebody steals, or some one is sane enough to keep out of the Asylum, but mad enough to make everyone else miserable; and then there is a row, and people say it is a dreadful world, and something

must be done, and somebody ought to be consulted, and George's writing-room becomes a sort of confessional and dispensary all in one, and after four hours of it I find George at once exhausted and excited, with every symptom of a temperature. And all the way to Kettners he discusses hypothetical cases of conscience, and assures me that he would make an excellent President of that Court where these things are linked up, or used to be, with such irrelevant topics as ill-caulked ships and wills. Then I suggest that he would find it more profitable to join a firm of solicitors whose well-trained clerks know which waiting-rooms the rival ladies have been ushered into solely by the rare odours that escape into the corridors, and take good care that Houbigon's *Rose Blanc*, must be kept clear of Piesse and Lubin's *Jessamine*. And so I try to joke him gently into our quiet corner of the restaurant, where his mercurial temperament responds quickly to the application of good food, and by the time a cigarette is lighted we are full blaze into the natural and supernatural arguments for and against the Sacrament of Matrimony.

Such was he when people came to him for help in trouble. But his mouth and ears were sealed to gossip. He never sought to interfere till he was asked, and had no passion for control or criticism. "I wish," he wrote to Pamela, at a time when he was harrassed by the shrewd activity of the world, "that people would think and feel and dream more, and fuss and scold less." With George MacDonald "he knew that the mission of man is to help his neighbour, but inasmuch as he was ready to help, he recoiled from meddling. To meddle is to destroy the holy chance. Meddlesomeness is the very opposite of helpfulness, for it consists in forcing yourself into another self instead of opening yourself as a refuge to the other."

Nor, again, was he critical or 'superior.' If anyone went to George with a difficult social problem he did not give them stock phrases such as "I don't know what the world's coming to," or "Why can't you see that people don't do these sort of things," or "I suppose I'm getting oldfashioned but . . . . .," or "When I was a youngster people didn't behave

like this." He probably said "The dilemma is as old as the stone-age, and has generally been settled in one of three ways." If you turned up with a poem instead of a problem, there was none of the usual precious superiority. He greeted your enthusiasm with a cheer, and was full of generous encouragement for any stage of intellectual appreciation. Anybody that arrived with the roughest sketch of a walk in the woods, aride over the down, a play, a day's hunting or a scientific lecture, found in him a sympathetic audience ready to enter into every detail, and fill up the picture with imaginative discourse.

Of his unselfish affection and chivalrous friendship I am entitled to speak. As Liberal candidate for Parliament in 1892, I was cruelly libelled by my opponent. Although George was Secretary to Mr. Balfour at the time, he came openly to my rescue, and insisted on giving his own evidence of the libel at the trial. We went together to the Law Courts and won the suit. The entire press of the Empire confirmed the verdict, and the 'Times' wrote of my opponent as "a man whose action tends to the infinite degradation of political life."

This was well enough for me, but George had taken a strong line of his own, and I was in great anxiety. True the judges in the Supreme Court had described the libel as "infamous," "wicked," "cruel," and "ungentlemanly," but *Pulman's Weekly News* a short time after the trial published flattering letters to my opponent from Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour, and I was terrified lest George's championship of my cause had raised trouble for his career. But he never turned a hair. He was in glorious form just as if we'd had three days good rat-hunting. Do you remember when the fight was over, seeing him sitting talking to my father, then over 80, in your room at 35 Park Lane?

Certainly of all the infamous tricks played by one politician on another I got the worst; but then there was my chivalrous knight at hand, and so in one respect I got the best. After all it came to this, a gentleman hates cruelty. Moreover he could not endure the thought that a group of young politicians

of his own party and position should ambush the open road to political life armed with the poisoned arrows of school scandal.

So much then for the first important feature of George's character, he loved the human race and spent himself in its service. And next in importance to this I would name his determination to be wholly and solely himself. His impulses and desires were his own, and not those of others. He plunged for ideas, causes and friendships on his own initiative, and for themselves alone, and cared nothing for the opinion of any man in any street. The question as to whether his judgment was at times mistaken does not affect the matter; right or wrong he was always himself. He inherited this from his father, and some from his great-grandfather, Lord Egremont, an exceptional example of independent individualism, whose portrait hangs in the smoking-room at Clouds, and about whom he wanted me to write a Monograph.

Strong individuality is attractive and infectious. That is why feeble but appreciative minds imitate the personal peculiarities of the great, and diffidence follows courage into danger, and meanness is occasionally melted by real indifference to wealth.

This independent individualism united George strongly to some, and separated him completely from others. It was the shape of his very character, indeed what is character but individual impress? Whether it was the cause or effect of his courage I know not, but courage is necessary to a whole-hearted individualist in a society cramped with convention, and servile before notoriety. But electing thus to be entirely himself he wasted comparatively little of his life in routs and revels. He used to call a week-end visit to a country house "a 48 hour dinner-party." How could he sit and listen to a pack of people minding each other's business? Wookey Hole would be more illuminating. All fashion-plate people working to a pattern fretted him, especially the American type, those with social aspirations thinly veneered with philanthropy, literature, art and politics. He was not hunting for earning or distinction, but for efficiency and sincerity. He

venerated his shepherd, Littlecote, his gardener, England, his stud groom, Probyn, his chauffeur, Boyer, and his house-carpenter, Mallett, and was always talking about their ripe experience, their knowledge, and devotion to their work. To him they were functional human beings bound to his life, as he to theirs, with love and respect.

Of course the tendency of individualism is to increase depth and strength of character. To learn how to form your own judgment over one department of life teaches you how to frame it with regard to another. The habit grows with practice, and where there is growth there is life. Not to grow is to become stagnant, like all bores. Slang expresses it in the epithet 'rotter,' somebody decaying. You could not be three minutes in a room with George without saying, "Well here's a real living being!" You could not sit at table with him without finding all round him a sort of medium of joyous freedom, a great ample atmosphere in which there was room for everybody to live and breathe and renew their being. Living, he let live, and everyone about him had room for themselves, and became all they were capable of becoming. If he talked you down you could get your turn later on. O dear, how he and I have laughed together over that scene, I think in James Mills' memoir, but probably elsewhere--where a great talker of the Macaulay type was hard at it, and near to him another spouter of the same sort watching like a lynx for an opportunity to leap in. The speaker in possession begins to clear his throat, and as he grinds on a witty bystander gazing at the pair remarks "If he spits he's lost!"

Of course it is no use trying to get away from the fact that a great many people in English society are very ordinary, and that a good deal of social converse, like a London omnibus route, consists of obstacles. Some cannot listen; others catch an immaterial point, and try to make it the main issue; others have become so glued to one aspect of a question that wild horses could not drag them to see another; and the most tiresome selection of all come charged to the muzzle with journalism. Instead of being really themselves and growing organically from within, they seem to increase by accretion

from without, and paste their intellects over with newspaper cuttings, becoming incased like late Egyptian mummies in a cartonage built up of pressed layers of inscribed papyrus. Well, George was the very reverse of this. He kept his perceptive and reflective faculties in good order and just lived out loud. All he wanted was that there should be plenty of room for everybody. "People talk about Percy's spelling" he said to me when Perkins was yet a child, "but why shouldn't he spell as he likes? The great thing is to get him to express himself at all." In the long run of course Perkins had to go to school and learn how to spell, but George was not going to have the faculty of expression atrophied by a convention at 8 years of age.

There seems to be a widespread conspiracy in society against individuality, stifling the coming generations in public schools under a load of petty traditions and conventions; coercing whole coteries of people to endure entertainments that nobody really enjoys; compelling them to wear uncomfortable and unbecoming costumes under the plea that "these are very much worn just now"; and checking originality in authors, artists, and musicians with the tyranny of common-place convention. As Emerson says, "Society everywhere is in conspiracy against the manhood of every one of its members. . . . It loves not realities and creators, but names and customs." Even Falstaff said that if he had a thousand sons he would teach them to drink sack, showing there is social tyranny even in the tavern!

Of course we must remember it is an indolent world, that wants to go the way everybody else is going, and at the same pace. Prophets, who try to hurry things up, like fashions that change too quickly, are tiresome and disturbing, and the indolent world shuts up Carlyle by telling him he is an incoherent Ezekiel. The indolent world is agreed that there shall be a pattern, a paradigm, to which all shall conform, or be branded as freaks. Those who were tied to the mill-wheel of society probably thought George mad for spending ten or twelve Whitsuntide holidays at Chartres, instead of playing with them; but I suppose one can write a book at

Chartres, as well as make one at Chantilly. No doubt what I am trying to say has been better said elsewhere, but I do not know where to lay my hands on it ; and yet I feel that it is most important to open out this question of individual independence, because I do not know anything connected with George's character more significant than his appreciation of those whom he found to have the courage of to be wholly and solely themselves. It was the cement that sealed to his very soul two such diverse characters in other respects as Bendor and Philip Hanson. It is supposed sometimes that identity of tastes and studies unites people, but I am inclined to believe that similarity of human appreciations is a greater bond.

Being oneself means deciding for oneself all along the line of life a thousand issues as to opinion and conduct. Any honest considerate soul, brought up among gentle surroundings, in cottage or castle, has no need to doubt his decisions. The right one's flow from him as spontaneously and naturally as water runs down hill. He needs no "Handbook to Polite Society." He is considerate to servants, deferential among strangers, merciful to the absurd, gentle with the sensitive, helpful to the hesitating, resolute with the weak. Nobody asks what his income is, they are too much interested in *him*. His parentage may be a mystery, but his understanding sympathy is a miracle. Everybody that knows him well, asks for him, at some time or another. He wants "to give, not take ; to serve, not rule ; to nourish not devour ; to help, not crush" ; in fact he has disciplined himself, having experienced in his own heart a wide and varied range of human realities, unalloyed by the fictions that confuse the judgments of indolent men. He is proof against the ridiculous terrors that haunt the feeble-hearted, as to whether they are wearing the right clothes, staying with the right people, living in the right neighbourhood, reading the right books, listening to the right music, playing the right games, and holding the right opinions. Oh, for a magician's wand to emancipate these enslaved multitudes, who grope about in automobiles and Pullman cars, seeking for an Empire when all the time the Kingdom of God is within them :

Often enough George and myself would divide the human race into 'functional' and 'non-functional' people. The 'functional' people are just simply *artists in living*. It is not a question of brains or education, or class or cash, but simply of character. They may be gipsies, or they may be gentlemen; they may be absorbed in politics, or prize-fighting; they may succeed, or they may fail; they may go wrong, or they may keep right, but they live out every moment of their lives, with both eyes on their job, and neither on the mirror or the gallery; pretending nothing, imitating nobody, but just being themselves. "Every man truly lives; so long as he acts his nature, or somehow makes good the faculties of himself." And "the man that stands by himself, the universe stands by him also." One can only be a real artist in living by becoming unconscious of the process. The pianist who is conscious of his fingers or the notes in the sonata does not play it perfectly. Spontaneous unconscious self is the only really skilful, happy, or loveable self. That is why compliments are doubtful delights, they remind one too acutely of oneself!

"The secret of culture," says Emerson, "is to learn, that a few great points steadily re-appear, alike in the poverty of the obscurest farm, and in the miscellany of metropolitan life, and that these few are alone to be regarded,—*the escape from all false ties; courage to be what we are; and love of what is simple and beautiful; independence and cheerful relation*—these are the essentials,—these, and *the wish to serve*,—to add somewhat to the well-being of men." "I look upon the simple and childish virtues of veracity and honesty as the root of all that is sublime in character. Speak as you think, be what you are. . . . This reality is the foundation of friendship, religion, poetry, and art. At the top or at the bottom of all illusions, I set the cheat which still leads us to work and live for appearances, in spite of our conviction, in all sane hours, that it is *what we really are* that avails with friends, with strangers, and with fate or fortune."

George was a supreme artist in living. With every endowment of soul and body he wrung all he could get out fo

the best things in life, like some one impatient to put on immortality ; and gave all he could of the best things in himself, out of sheer sympathy with mortality. And being the artist he was, he greeted every trace of a like temperament in others.

He lived all his life, and enjoyed right heartily every beneficent aspect of it. He was always making thanksgiving for congenial moments. " This is glorious, don't let us waste a minute of it. Now, Ned, not a syllable, please, about the House of Commons. I want to hear all about May and Magdalen in the South of France. Then Charles shall give us his flint finds at Erith, and I'll wind up with my visit to Hewell, and read you Sibell's letter from St. Giles's. Only I must hear all about Henry and the 11th Hussars. What a splendid holiday we are having ! " His sense of gratitude bursts forth in a little manuscript poem headed " Easter An Impression," which George wrote in a few moments at Couds in March, 1913 :—

" I have forgotten how to sing,  
If ever I sang, so I only say  
That I am glad For here is Spring  
And I am alive, thank God, to-day."

He, more than any man I ever knew, fed upon the present, leaving the past to anecdotage, and the future to adolescence.

He ran away from all morbid temptations to re-live past lives in present moments, the ordinary indulgence of the afflicted, it seemed to him very often histrionic, unreal, and unprofitable. He embraced the present moment, as well as the present *place*. Nothing came amiss, fields, gardens, trees, soils, hills, streams, shepherds, cattle, engines, anything, as long as it was switched on to the functional life of man. I suppose the most unfortunate thing you could say to him, if you wanted to secure his goodwill, was that Salisbury Plain was flat and uninteresting.

His mind ranged over a large field of life, past and present, extracting a continuous succession of aspects, which he transmuted into new spiritual experiences. Living to him was a

perpetual recreation of himself. His day was a joy when it brought progress, effort, experience, and roused his entire living activity. "In newness of life" was a phrase he loved, as you know well. And this is why he was never dull, except he were ill, or tired. Every fresh grouping of his environment made a new man of him, and glorious surroundings were 'heavenly alchemy.' As fast as he realised he collated, and, if the audience was sympathetic, he poured out.

This positive functional activity, this gospel of perpetual re-creation left little room in him for reflections drawn from the cold storage of sceptical philosophy. He rejoiced in every line in which Shakespeare defies the "razure of oblivion" and "the tooth of time." Surely God created us artists to save us from becoming sceptics. What is our equipment but a bundle of purposeful instruments, helped by decision, and hindered by doubt?

*Our doubts are traitors,  
And make us lose the good we oft might win  
By fearing to attempt.*

What are our faculties but the tools of artificers which thrive by use and perish from neglect? To realise ourselves, to become all that we can be, means constant vigilance lest "function be smothered in surmise," and "the native hue of resolution be sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

Preoccupied as George was with intellectual and political interests and friends, he had little leisure or inclination to waste time over his outward appearance. The caricaturists never got beyond his clothes, and his gestures, but I don't think he studied any of these himself. He was the quickest dresser I have ever known. He once pleased Pamela exquisitely by expressing surprise at not being kept waiting too long while she got ready for a walk. "I don't know what people do," he said when they go to get ready! They go upstairs . . . and drop into wells." He thought once about his costume in recent years, and said to me, "Percy is going to bring me up-to-date," but I don't believe he ever got there. Everything looked well on him, because he was well made, but he lost precious little time in considering his own clothes, or

criticising mine. Once only, standing on Lady Plymouth's doorstep, did I attempt to apologise for my old homespuns, and then and there, with some firmness, he begged me never to do it again. I was sensitive about my clothes after a quarter of a century's criticism from relations, some of whom gave me their old suits to relieve my pocket and redeem my appearance; but George never looked at what I wore, except once, when I met him in Hyde Park, and he asked me where I got my olive-green Antrim homespun overcoat, and I told him that being a Nationalist I bought my cloth in Ulster.

George was really detached on the subject of wealth. Most of the people he knew intimately and saw habitually, were not well off. There was not a trace in him of that widespread illusion that wealth means anything at all unless laid out with royal intelligence. He regarded riches as he did any other human opportunity, good wits, good health or good looks. He found out in his teens that no amount of money will relieve the tedium of a dull individual, and that the effect of great possessions or great talents upon anything less than a noble nature is frequently disastrous. He hugged neither money nor life, nor ease. Times out of number he wanted to help me in my work and I would not let him. He gave, and sometimes largely, when he could ill-afford it. He *loathed* meanness. If he helped people he liked to do it on a serviceable scale, generously and effectively. He did not fill the needy with cheap nothings. "For his bounty there was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas that grew the more by reaping."

He and I sometimes speculated as to what we should do if we had a really good margin of money each year, over and above the cost of decent comfort. Away we went, the development of Ireland; discriminating help to young authors and composers; the excavation of Palæolithic Caves; Greek papyri from lower Egypt; experimental physics; the Pope's Bible Commission; English opera; folk-lore, folk-song and folk-dance; an honest newspaper; a Shakespeare theatre with the plays 'in the round'; a library illustrating the Romance literature of Europe—and any amount more. These came along quick enough, only the margins lingered

If any one says to me, 'Your portrait is painted to please, he had short-comings.' I would reply, 'Yes, thank God, George was human, but his defects bore no more relation to his virtues than Shakespeare's slips in history and geography do to his supreme work and understanding. Detraction was busy about George, as it is about most of us, because detraction is one of the principal forms of self-promotion, and those that cannot reach the citadel otherwise, must clamber up over the bodies of their companions who have taken it. When men undergo any kind of reverse in public life, up come the flies that batten on every blemish, who tell you that once on a time they *saw*, they *heard*, and so on and so forth. Well, I *lived* with George from time to time, sometimes for long. I noted his day, his mental occupation, his physical exercise, his coming and going, his meat and drink, and his instincts about right and wrong, and I claim that he won the respect of everyone that lived with him and worked with him. I know that he put everybody to shame in sheer physical activity and mental output. Men who dissipate their lives don't do this. We all know that the devoted Secretary who worked with him during the last years of his life, has a big undertaking before him only to classify the enormous amount of manuscript at Clouds and 35 Park Lane. And who could have loved and respected him more than Philip Hanson, Murray Hornibrook, and Denis Hyde, all of whom lived with him for years?

Of course there are, in every political group of men some few of second-rate intelligence but endowed with industry or position, who are out to trip up every promising colleague. As this little failing of theirs is generally well known, most of their gentle depreciation is discounted, but now and again they achieve appalling success, though they seldom rise on the ruin they have brought about.

One day, no doubt, perchance when you and I are gone hence, some more serious soul than myself will publish an orthodox biography of George; will trace the story of his political action, and the development of his political ideas. It will be the history of an honest gentleman, whose chivalrous loyalty passed through a fiery furnace, and came out unseared.

If all the truth could be told now, it would leave him an even more illustrious memory than that he has. But by the time delicate considerations for other people's feelings may be ignored, the generation that knew him will have passed away, and the politics of his epoch will be stale ; until which time truth will lie at the bottom of a well—where she generally is. Why is there so much secrecy about diplomatic and political affairs ? If people dealt justly with each other, surely we should see less of this rush to rescue documents from publication

Meanwhile, until the full-length finished portrait of George is forthcoming, accept a rough sketch. I have not written it for public applause. He was the apple of my eye, and the friend of my life, and to you he was everything. We are not seeking newspaper notoriety. And what is the use of talking to the people who think of him as the superficial dandy ? Let them have a good dinner at the Wyndham Club ! And let us, who know what he was, keep his example ever green. I think Percy ought to have a day—say his birthday—when we meet and remember him with joy and gladness and gratitude.

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My one hope is that no one will try to get what Wells calls a "static snapshot" of this vital mobile personality. It is difficult indeed to picture in words his plastic versatility and get the flash and flow of him, the unexpected iridescence, refracting all images, and throwing them off in many-coloured spray. How easy to freeze the fountain jet into an icicle ! Surely he is now, as he ever was, advancing, expanding, clutching innumerable reins of thought, driving wide teams of ideas from sphere to sphere. As he said once to Mahaffy, "If we cannot make our lives long, let us make them broad." You cannot re-construct such a character in words, any more than you can catalogue the storm and splendour of an April day. Character is so subtle that not

"E'en the tenderest heart and next our own  
Knows half the reasons why we smile or sigh."

It is only in the omniscient infallible realms of journalism that all can be explained, if not by the sub-editor, at any rate by the editor when he comes in.

Some men come to life again in their literature, like Charles Lamb; others in their correspondence, like George Wyndham. The regulation biography of to-day bores me to tears. It is not so much what they say, as the tiresome way they say it. It's bad enough to lose one's friends without having them biographed into bores. I sometimes pray that the hero may be allowed to say "Damn," or show some sign of life; but on grinds the regulation mill, and the poor victim is skinned, stuffed, and set up in a glass case, not "just like life," but just like nothing he ever was. Butler was right, we do really care more about knowing what kind of a person a man was, than about knowing of his achievements, no matter how considerable they may have been. And Dowden was right when he says about Shakespeare, "In the great tragedies we are concerned more with what man *is* than with what he *does*."

Of the natural gifts with which George was endowed of his poetic and literary accomplishments, some one worthier than I will write, but I must transcribe here a few words used about him by a distinguished author when he died:—"He was, in my experience, quite alone among men—in grace of accomplishment, in ease of it, in bodily beauty, in beauty of heart and mind—alone among men. The poet in him was what I looked to most. All the other things which he could do with such perfection tended to keep that under. But it was there—there were times when he would let me see it; and I hoped that in a few years more he might give over politics and open the doors of his heart and let the winged spirit he held there go free."

To me, his principal talent was expository power. This required no effort and showed none, whereas literary composition demanded strain. His conversation and correspondence were to me superior to his literary prose in that both were more spontaneous. He sometimes talked to excess he could'n't help it, it poured out of him. He knew it perfectly

well and would frequently say "Here I'm doing all the talking just you chip in for a bit." His natural eloquence was apparent at an early age. One of his school-fellows writes to me:—"My recollection of George was his extraordinary gift of speech. I shall never forget the sensation he caused at our House Debating Society.... I doubt if one so young ever had such a wonderful command of language."

Of his public speaking I heard little, but he had large audiences and was to the end in constant demand. When I did hear him I found an artificiality of manner which tended to conceal the real man from me, arising, without doubt, from the fact that he was doing something not dictated by his own inclination. He *hated* politics, and only the loyalty of a noble nature constrained him to tarry with them. Pamela remembers him saying to her the year before he died:—"I'll do two years more—because then I shall have worked as long as my father did. I don't want to leave off before that, but after two more years I shall feel free to live at Clouds."

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Knowing how much you value all genuine appreciation of George's varied gifts, I print here a letter from our friend Father John O'Connor:—

Heckmondwike,

April, 1914.

My Dear Charles,—

It is always keen pleasure to me to recall that wonderful August afternoon which was waiting for you and me at Saigh-ton in 1901. The old house was glowing red and the garden was almost too good to be true after the bleached East Coast and the blackened London and North-Western, when George Wyndham strode across the genial colours, lawn-tennis racquet in hand, searching for tea and guests. I could let myself go like a lady-novelist about the fine olive face beaming at us above the white suit of Irish homespun which just then happened to be his favourite, and the remarkable over-tones in his voice which seemed to add expression to

his eyes, and so on. Permit me anyhow to fling in these Futurist touches, as no painting or photograph can ever give the full effect of his eyes without his voice, nor explain how his voice could communicate the joy of living which their glance embodied. There was an harmonious self-expression in the whole man which thrilled and delighted me to an unwonted degree, and I admired his grace and freedom of gesticulation until it made me realise how one is exiled in England from the gentle Latin ways.

And although during the ensuing days, owing to your illness, we had speech of each other alone for hours together, I never heard him utter one idle or useless word, and his conversation if printed would look better than most of the stuff one sees in—leading articles, for instance. He was not only lively himself, but the cause of liveliness in others—"Nothing I enjoy more than a bit of mental lawn-tennis," he said to me that Sunday night at the Chief Secretary's Lodge when we had run up against the wall of the universe by wondering why things are as they are and not entirely otherwise. We had agreed, I think, that Omar Fitzgerald's verse about grasping this sorry scheme of things entire was verbally as perfect as anything in literature but self-evidently lacking in any power to grasp—which after all made it lack everything.

And now as to George Wyndham's faultless instinct for the best in poetry, and the excellent reasons he could give for his preferences. I had read the sonnets and had my favourites among them of course, but I never knew how to sort out a plain poem which was all one diamond from those which only contained small gems of diction, until he read to me the greatest of all passion-verses beginning:—"Then hate me when thou wilt, if ever, now." That same night he read all the Adonais of Shelley, interrupted by my outcries of deep pleasure at such lines as "The inheritors of unfulfilled renown," and "Life like a dome of many-coloured glass stains the white radiance of eternity." It was all new to me, and to hear such a poem read in such a voice, was an experience that has left its mark. To sum up: He was humane as the Italian, vivacious and sympathetic as the Frenchman, straight and

good-natured as the Englishman. It is very touching to recall how his passion for a kindred spirit and his reaching out after fellow-feeling made his public speaking a failure until he found support from his audience, for it is a key to the strength of that appealing charm which made him unrivalled as a companion.

His book on Ronsard and the *Pléiade* is a monument of his love of sharing his best with others. During most of his life he had conned the early French poets, and at the end of his public career he made it his business to bring home to reading men a handful of the fine things he had found so that they too might be inspired to glean in the same fields. I suppose a critic ought to criticise, and I am sorry that he has done nothing to send people reading Christine de Pisan, and that he has given so little comment with his charming selections from Ronsard, Belleau, du Bellay, and the rest. I should like to know for instance if the famous Sonnet of du Bellay : " *Heureux qui comme Ulysse* " be a translation of a translation of a lost Greek original, as I have heard stated. At the same time I am grateful for the scholarly patience and clearness with which he tracks the influence of the *Pléiade* into Elizabethan verse. It is a very useful and pregnant hint to the " *Barbarous Britisher* " to point out that the matchless glory of the English heroic metre might not have been quite so matchless if Ronsard and his *Pléiade* had not a full generation ahead set splendid headlines for our Spensers and Sidneys and Shakespeares. Whether it be instinct or a passion for an entente still more cordial, I cannot say, but in discovering with delight in my fortieth year that French also had its perfect Pentameter in Ronsard, I kept half-consciously repeating :

And chantries, where the sad and solemn priests  
Sing still for Richard's soul.

It is commonplace appreciation to say that George Wyndham's translations do not read like translations, faithful, surprisingly faithful though they be. And it is too faint praise to say that his verse is derivative, though it never rises to the height of the great models. It is full of poetry and easy mastery, but it never dares. Daring is a rarer quality than courage, and involves an unevenness of temperament which

after all it is an imperfection that is too common would be a great nuisance, and is useful to society only in the proportion of officers to men in a field force. It is also a relative thing and only justifiable by results. Perhaps I am maundering, but here is an instance of what I mean. Another translator\* than our dear and pious dead renders

Plus que le marbre dur me plaist l'ardoise fine.

\* \* \*

Et plus que l'air marin la douceur angevine.

by :

More than immortal marble undecayed!  
The thin sad slates that cover up my home.

\* \* \*

And more than all the winds of all the sea  
The quiet kindness of the Angevin air.

\* \* \*

I have not got such a thrill from any version in Ronsard and the *Pléiade*, but here all the same is a real touch upon the nerve of Beauty, from Ronsard's "*Sur la mort de Marie*"

So in the wonder of that first young loveliness  
Which earth rose up to praise and heaven bent down to  
    bless,  
Fate came: and all of thee one little urn encloses.

I can hear him reading these lines as beautifully as he wrote them.

The paragraph on pp. 42-3 is a summing up of the work of the *Pléiade* which reveals, I think, his reason for taking so much trouble to introduce them. They were public-spirited they attacked academic fossilism in its entrenchments, and

\* G. K. Chesterton.

they wrote for pure joy, careless, exuberant, lovely with the dew of a different morning. He points out in another place pp. 15-21 how Ronsard fought gaily against that sour Protestantism which even in its defeat a century later contrived to curdle the heart of poesy in France and bring the *Pléiade's* candid dawn to a drowsy yet self-conscious afternoon.

Well, dear Charles, thanks to you, I knew him as a gay and gallant and high-minded gentleman, and his last book does not belie him.

Yours affectionately in J.C.,

JOHN O'CONNOR.

And to this let me add another appreciation which you must value, more than any words of mine, from a heart so loyal and true, a head so capable and wise, a friend so valued and loved by George himself, that any recollections of the most important years of George's life would be incomplete without it.

Dublin, May, 1914.

My Dear Charles,—

You have asked me to describe what I knew of the Chief's way of working at politics and administration, and in writing what follows, I have kept as closely as I could to simple description. No one would expect an impartial estimate of a man from his private secretary; on the other hand, it is not the purpose of what I have written to convey what many of those who will read it know, that I loved him very dearly, that he loved and trusted me, and that I owe to him the greater part of any fitness I have for public affairs. I have tried simply to make a picture of the Chief at work.

To begin with the most obvious thing, he worked extremely hard. I was with him for the first five years of his life in office (out of a total of six and a half); and during that time I do not think he took a real holiday of more than a week or two; and he always worked at high pressure; nothing bored him so much as being half-occupied. Work, with him, always meant a strong concentration on a definite object. There is no doubt he over-did it, and that over-strain was largely responsible for the circumstances which led to his resignation; but while

this fierce energy lasted—and it lasted without abatement all the time I was with him—it was a magnificent instrument for turning out work.

His career in office, short as it was, made rather exceptional demands on him. He became Under Secretary for War in the Autumn of 1898, and was called upon almost at once to explain and defend a considerable increase in the Army. Our Army is a complicated machine, constructed to meet special conditions; it was characteristic of the Chief that he got a clear conception of those conditions into his mind and never at any time lost sight of them. Most people inside and outside the House of Commons who discuss the Army proceed by forgetting each of the conditions in turn.

In October, 1899, came the South African War. It must have been rather hard for a man who was so keen a soldier as the Chief to stay at home, but that was a purely personal sentiment, and there was no doubt about his duty. As the Secretary of State, Lord Lansdowne, was in the House of Lords, the hardest part of the Parliamentary work fell upon the Chief, and he also took a very strenuous share of the administration. The scale of the war and its demands proved quite different from what had been expected, and everyone at the War Office was very much over-worked for several months. In the Autumn of 1900 there was a general election, and in the shifting of Offices that followed, the Chief was sent to Ireland as Chief Secretary. He began thinking about the land question and the Congested Districts within a few days of his arrival, and never stopped till he left office; he produced a large and complicated Land Bill in 1902, and a larger and more complicated one, which became law, in 1903. In 1901 there was a good deal of agrarian disturbance, and it became necessary to put the Crimes Act in force; and Coercion, besides raising the political temperature and making it much harder than usual to get other work done, naturally involves constant debates and discussions in Parliament which absorb the time and energy of the minister responsible.

The greatest energy would not have enabled him to do more than keep abreast of the current duties of office if he had

not had in a high degree the faculty of using subordinates. Many industrious men in office achieve very little because they insist on doing everything for themselves ; the Chief delegated a great deal, and was always looking for helpers ; and the more helpers he had, the harder he worked. He got devoted service from all of us who were really near him, largely of course from personal affection, because he was in himself so admirable and attractive, but largely because everyone who served him was sure of the most generous appreciation of work done, and sure also that the work, though it might seem dull or trifling in itself, was a necessary part of something well worth doing. Men will drudge hard if they can see that the drudgery is leading to something. With the Chief there was never any doubt of that. He never took work as it came, getting through a set task, which is what most of us do ; with him every effort was directed to some important object clearly defined in his mind ; he would always have it as clear as he could before he began to act, and he had the constructive imagination which enabled him to get the picture vivid and full.

These may seem ordinary qualities ; I believe that they are rare, and that they constitute the difference between a statesman and a mere administrator. Government is carried on for the most part on a principle of drift ; administration consists of taking questions as they arise, and legislation of passing measures for which there is an obvious public demand. This is the safest course for ordinary men, and indeed the bulk of the work of every man in power must be of this kind ; but there are some who insist on having a clear view of each question before they deal with it, and on some questions see a little further ahead than the rest of us ; these are statesmen, and the Chief was one of them.

His thinking was constructive : it was also concrete. These two qualities, I think, explain both his excellencies and his defects as a politician. He was always trying to do or to produce something positive ; therefore, he had very little pleasure in controversy, attack, or criticism of a negative character. In spite of occasional brilliant speeches, he was not, I think, very effective in opposition. And as he took no

pleasure in raising objections to other men's proposals, so he was not very patient of objections to his own. He would gladly discuss methods or improvements to any required extent, but usually the thing to be done, as distinguished from the way to do it, was fixed and settled for his mind by hard thinking before he entered into the discussion, and he was not very ready to treat it as an open question. Then he thought in the concrete; with him it was always a question of producing real results that would affect living men. This made his schemes very vivid to him; he grasped them intensely; he did not forget one aspect of them while thinking of another, as men often do who think in abstract categories; and, therefore, he was very powerful and persuasive in advocacy. On the other hand, he sometimes failed in explanation by over elaborating, and sometimes by being elliptical and obscure; and I think these defects were due to the same vividness of thought which gave him his strength. He elaborated and adorned because the ideas to him were living things in which he delighted, and it pleased him, therefore, to beautify them and to trace their analogies; and he was sometimes obscure through failing to remember that the subject was not as familiar to his audience as to himself. I remember once he was fascinated by a confidential memorandum on a naval problem, and very much desired to indicate the idea of it in a speech in the House without divulging anything secret; he read over to me the passage in his speech, and I was able to assure him that it was safe, because no one who had not read the memorandum would have any idea what he meant.

The same concrete way of thought prevented his having what is called a legal mind; this added a great deal to his labour on the Land Bill. When he had got the expert (Franks) and the draftsman (Manders) to understand exactly what he wanted to do, he thought the clause ought to express the idea in clear and apt language; he found it hard to adapt himself to the requirements of legal phraseology, whose object is, as some great lawyer has put it, not to express things clearly but unambiguously, so that a clever man anxious to distort the meaning shall not be able to do so.

Again, his concentration on the idea with which he was working sometimes made it hard for him in discussion to enter into the mind of his opponent ; I have known him in the House of Commons fail to seize the point of an interruption, even a fairly obvious point, because he could not switch his mind off the track he was following in order to look at the question with the mind of the interrupter—often because he could not realize how very little the interrupter knew of the facts.

For these reasons he was, I think, better in exposition and advocacy than in debate, and in exposition he was, of course, greatly assisted by his eloquence. I do not propose to say much on that, because it was one of the things about him best known. It was very uncertain, and often failed ; when it succeeded it was equal to the best I have heard, and I believe many of much greater experience than I say the same. Some of his best speeches were made on unimportant occasions, simply because the subject was one in which he was interested, and an aspect of it happened to strike his imagination ; for he loved speaking well for its own sake, and would sometimes take great trouble with a speech for a small audience where no political effect was to be obtained. When he had time, he prepared his speeches elaborately and with great pains ; he repeated to me once with a mixture of admiration and reprobation a remark of Mr. Arthur Balfour's :—" Why do you prepare speeches ? You know what you want to say, don't you ? " Like other speakers who prepare carefully, the Chief sometimes succeeded best when he had been prevented from preparing ; and it was a commonplace between him and his private secretaries that his best campaign speeches were always delivered on the eve or in the middle of his influenza attacks, when he could hardly stand up. I think the reason in both cases was the same, that he was then forced, by physical weakness or want of time, to drop elaboration and subtlety. The elaboration was usually not mere ornament, but an over-crowding of ideas ; Mr. Arthur Balfour, on being asked for advice after hearing one of his early speeches, said " My dear George, dilute, dilute, dilute."

Probably the most successful speech he ever made so far as results go was that delivered in the House of Commons on the 1st of February, 1900, in the debate on the defeats which opened the South African War. It was said at the time to have saved the Government ; and though that is no doubt an exaggeration, it did produce a most extraordinary change of feeling in the House of Commons. The token of success which the Chief valued most at the moment was, I think, that Sir Michael Hicks Beach (as he then was), a man not addicted to amicable demonstrations, clapped him on the back as he sat down. The structure of the speech was very simple ; it was mainly a narrative of events, of the problems the Government had to meet and the measures they took. The Chief once observed to me, apropos of another successful defence he had made in the House, " The best defence is always to tell the story, if you can make it clear ; because in the first place, the Government does not really act like a set of idiots, and when it is thought to do so it is usually because people do not know all the facts ; and in the second place, if you get your audience interested in the story they forget to be angry."

One reason which perhaps made me under-value his public eloquence was the delight I took in his private talk ; talking with his personal staff about the work they were doing together was with him not only a relief from writing and reflection but a regular method of clearing and developing his ideas. I believe it was a very good method, and incidentally it gave the staff an interest in their work which nothing else could have given. In such conversations, the Chief welcomed criticisms and objections, and I think found them useful good or bad ; if good, the plan must be modified ; if bad, they at least represented obvious points which would probably have to be met in public. It was, therefore, a duty to criticise ; as a matter of pleasure one would have much preferred to listen.

One thing that made his conversation bracing as well as interesting was his keen sense of proportion. He lost it temporarily, as all men do, when much over-fatigued, and I

have known him waste time on trifles ; but that was a sure sign that he ought to take a rest ; normally, his mind concentrated at once on the essential points. He liked to dwell upon them by way of keeping the mass of detail in its place ; he found it a help to have by him a set of what he called Charts—very short statements, usually tabular, of the main facts and figures of a subject reduced to the barest form.

Having always in his mind important and definite things that he wanted to do, he was naturally not very much interested in routine work. In every office there is this miscellaneous mass of work, consisting of numerous questions, some important and all requiring settlement one way or the other, but uninteresting because they come up as detached fragments of subjects with which there is no opportunity and perhaps no need to deal as wholes. The Chief's attitude towards this sort of thing was amusing ; he did the work, when it was put before him, with an air of half-humorous melancholy, as of one making concessions to the unreasonable prejudices of a friend. A slight variant of that position I remember from the early days of 1901, when Dowdall (now Sir Laurence Dowdall) of the Chief Secretary's Office, was his private Secretary, and I was assistant. Dowdall was full of experience and knowledge of the work of the Chief Secretary's Office ; I knew very little about it then, but the Chief was accustomed to work with me at the special things in which he was interested—Land Purchase, the Congested Districts, Harbours, etc. One day at the Castle we had been at these things for some hours, and the Chief said it was time to go home. I said : " Dowdall has got a lot of papers here which he has been going through, and I think he could get a good many of them settled with you in a short time ; will you take them before you go ? " " Certainly," said the Chief, with an air of magnanimity ; " I think it's only fair."

I am keenly conscious how imperfect a picture of the Chief at work these scrappy reminiscences make. After all the central dominating thing about his career was his character, and that was the same in everything he undertook. You remember how fond he was of the Siegfried-motif ; he took it

as a sort of musical motto. He was like a Siegfried in modern dress; the same splendid youthful strength, the same vivid enjoyment of life, the same magnificent generosity. He threw himself into the adventure of Ireland, fought with all his strength, and achieved much; he was the last man to think that either an occasional defeat or an untimely death mattered very much in comparison with an achievement.

PHILIP HANSON.

An old and loyal friend of George's asks me "Why was he not a greater success as a public man?" To get any reply to this question, several things have to be considered, first, as regards himself, and secondly as regards his environment. He had a set back, but not worse than many a minister of State has suffered and recovered from, but it fell upon George when he was physically and mentally exhausted, and he was never the same man after it. I do not believe myself that it affected his position with the leaders of his party, but before he had time to recuperate, they themselves were bowled out by the election of 1906. Moreover, he was so personally linked up with Mr. Balfour, that those who were pushing for change, would not have minded at all I think, if he had taken to literature and farming, when Mr. Balfour laid down the reins. The new members of his party who came up to the House in 1906, knew very little about him. His environment was against him.

As to himself, I think that men with brains on both sides of the House appreciated and acknowledged his intellectual powers. How far-sighted he was we shall none of us know, probably for many years. His political memoranda are sealed to us. My own impression is that he was quite remarkably far-sighted.

Again, one has to consider whether the friend who asks the question and George himself meant the same thing by the word "success." One of the greatest business men in Ireland writes to me that the recent prosperity of the Irish peasant is due to his Land Act, is not this success? What opportunity had he afterwards? I think that the positions he subsequently defended regarding Frontiers, Tariffs, and Institutions were quite sincerely advocated, but in a mode too remote

and subtle to make a lasting impression on the average hearer. I have asked unprejudiced listeners in and out of the House of Commons, and got from each a very similar reply. There was fluency, charm, well constructed sentences, keen criticism, noble ideas, but the points were too fine and the blades too thin for quarry work. His speeches were "fretted with nice distinctions." He had a great scheme at the back of his mind to remodel society. We were all to be educated by the State, apprenticed to the State, and defenders of the State. He would dream and talk about it all for hours together, but it was a literary man projecting a thesis, not a politician dealing with immediate practical problems. Perhaps he was looking at things vertically, whilst others saw them only horizontally; perhaps his syntheses were too large for the average man to grasp. The whole thing may look different in years to come, and, after all, "a man cannot be said to have failed, because he did not get what he did not try for." Lowell says:—

"All true whole men succeed; for what is worth  
Success's name, unless it be the thought,  
The inward surety, to have carried out,  
A noble purpose to a noble end,  
Although it be the gallows or the block"

It will be asked, 'Was he not ambitious?' Yes, in the sense that Cardinal Manning was, that is to say, if he saw a bungler tinkering at a job, he wanted to be 'at it.' In short, he had the ambition of every sane able human being. People conscious of power who don't want to use it, from lack of sympathy, from love of indolence, from funk of competition, become, and deserve to become, "chimble ornaments."

An old friend and political ally of his tells me that there was a considerable modification in his speeches, of both manner and matter, from 1907 onwards. He considers that George became simpler and more direct in manner, and much more practical in matter. The question of demeanour in public speaking is very subtle. The selection of rather 'precious' words, together with an over-polite delivery, as if the speaker

was almost fictitiously anxious to please, may give the impression of a gracious, aristocratic patronage, of which he is entirely innocent. George's hearers little knew that their orator was so sensitive, so humble, so fearful of failure, so dependent on sympathy, that every speech was acute suffering in gestation, and often enough in delivery. Sometimes his eye would wander over the huge mass of upturned faces, and he would throw out gossamer-like filaments in search of some sympathetic soul from whom a smile, a nod, a chuck of the head, or a cheer, would send him off like a rocket. Mr. Welsford understood this so well that when he took the chair for George, as he often did, he prided himself on getting in a signal of encouragement at the exact moment. George christened him his 'trainer' ! I also had my office as political opponent, he tried his half-prepared orations on me, as a man tests a sharpened blade on a resisting surface.

I also had my function in off-seasons, because I have always been immune constitutionally from any vindictive feelings towards those I differ from in faith or political opinion. I have no sympathy with party ferocity. I think it has done more to cripple the social value of the gentry, and undermine their position, than any other agency. There are so many cross-harmonies in politics, and there is so much humbug in party ferocity, that I think sensible men on both sides like a long-tempered opponent for a companion, it enables each of them to find his way to a higher plane of thought.

I believe political life would have been easier to George if he had known more in his youth of the working people, and appreciated better the gigantic effects of the education Acts. Of the highly-cultured provincial middle-class he knew little. Here I had a great advantage, for I had known them in several parts of the country. We often talked about them, and he liked to hear me enlarge on the old Quaker and Unitarian families, descendants of the Independents of Cromwell's time, among whom are preserved so many splendid traditions of enlightenment, and from whom have come so many of our best social and artistic ideals and reforms. I mean such

families as the Frys, the Bensons, the Rathbones, the Martineaus and the Chamberlains.

He enjoyed much a story Mr. Gladstone told me of John Ruskin on a visit to Hawarden, who, having listened to a long encomium on these families from Mr. Gladstone for having "cleaned out the prisons and liberated the slaves," asked, with quiet deliberation, and much to Mr. Gladstone's amazement and amusement, "And do you think, Sir, it was a good thing to either clean out the prisons, or liberate the slaves?"

Ruskin used to tell me that he wished he had known more of the English aristocracy. I wish that George had known more of the democracy.

Mr. E. Ashton Bagley, who was at many of George's meetings in the North from 1909 onwards, tells me that George grew in favour with the working people in both Lancashire and Yorkshire; that he was beloved by them, and was continually gaining influence.

Over the politics of the present and the prospects of the future George and I talked incessantly, and differed hopelessly. My coming Utopia was the co-operation of the whole human race in the conquest of the earth. I looked forward to a vast expansion of three great spontaneous movements which have welled up among the workers during my life—co-operation in production and distribution, co-operation in cultivation, and co-operation in insurance. In this Utopia I had little room for troops or tariffs; none for international hatred. I come away from modern histories as I sometimes come out of a tube station, with my orientation all athwart, and find myself flinging St. Paul's over my head. How can I regulate my love or hatred of Russians, Germans, or Frenchmen by the balance of European power which I cannot understand? Events develope so rapidly nowadays that the government will soon have to post outside our public buildings political barometrical readings—Germany, stormy—France, set fair, and the like.

But George read the past into the future and thought my ideals Quixotic. Palæolithic man fought, and men will

always fight. I used to reply that our ice-age man doesn't fight, and that the Exquimaux have no soldiers or police ; the retort to which was that they had no need to fear conquest. That is it—one dog going for the other dog's bone. I prefer the method adopted in the Kennels at Mimizan, where the huntsman gives each hound a share, and the lean ones the first look in. Exactly, but who is the huntsman ? We were on a well-worn track, as old as Plato, but we liked going to and fro on it, and never an unfriendly word. He was a great gentleman, he did not talk to score.

Of course everyone must admit that we have inherited a difficult problem, a world broken up by frontiers enclosing various races, speaking different languages, inoculated with ancient quarrels, and bristling with jealous competition for wealth, territory and supremacy. Who shall say to these troubled waters, "Peace, be still?" We may have surpassed the first man in the scientific development of the means of human life, but we have scarcely improved upon the second in abatement of desire for its destruction. I can imagine no solution of the problem but the gradual education of the world's workers towards a vast cosmopolitan confederation, and a substitution of social and scientific ideals for naval and military. I do not think the transition would be greater than that effected by the abolition of ancient slavery, and I can imagine Aristotle being as shocked at *that*, as George was at the extinction of war.

People talk sometimes as if great transitions were impossible, but read the last chapter of the Apocrypha and the first of St. Matthew's Gospel, and meditate on the stupendous gulf between them. And if the retort be that this gulf separated ideas and not conduct, I would reply that prophetic ideas *become* conduct—in God's good time—just as "Thou art Peter" became the Papacy : and out of Robert Owen's defective dreams arises the Wholesale Co-operative Society with an annual turn-over of above one hundred millions. Combat these ideas in the Quarterly Review, but who reads it ? The *people* read Wells, and Wells is talking thus :— "Our individualities, our nations and states and races are

but bubbles and clusters of foam upon the great stream of the blood of the species, incidental experiments in the growing knowledge and consciousness of the race. I think this real solidarity of humanity is a fact that is only being slowly apprehended, that it is an idea that we who have come to realize it have to assist in thinking into the collective mind." And if the reply be that competition is necessary to evoke strength, the immediate answer is:—"Yes, competition by all means, but competition with death, disease, famine, tempest, and ignorance—with all, in fact, that hinders our conquest of the earth—but not with one another."

To George all this was simply anathema. Perhaps he treated me as he did someone else with whom he had a misunderstanding, and on being asked how this could have arisen considering that the two had sat up night after night talking till three in the morning, George naively replied, "Yes we both of us talked, but I'm afraid neither of us listened!" Perhaps he regarded me as a sort of domestic Devil's Advocate!

He was an artist by nature and a politician by accident. He saw things picturesquely, that is in relation to what they had been, or might be. He built up in his imagination, as an artist conceives a composition, the aristocratic, professional, and labour elements in an ideal empire; and when actual facts and public opinion ran counter to his dream, it vexed his soul. Much of his political life was to him a *via dolorosa*, along which he was "unlearning the poetry of life and attaining to its prose." To him there was little chivalry left, and less idealism. But surely we must not confuse the old Crusades with the new. Our Saracens are the microbes, our Holy Sepulchre the human Temple of the Spirit, bent under the penal servitude of man, not only to feed, clothe and house itself, but to support whole phalanxes of highly trained officials, who continually construct, abandon, and reconstruct multitudes of engines destined to annihilate the civilization the worker toils to create.

He and I saw the world from different angles. The Wars of the Roses and the Feuds of the Barons had no fascination for me compared to a shop window in the Strand

filled with Canadian corn and fruit, and fish. I had a real thrill of emotion when Eddy told me the Canadians had extended their wheat-growing area nearly 500 miles north by intelligent hybridization. I feel, too, a positive affection for the old Irish woman travelling in a Canadian Pacific car, who, having listened for a long while to some "weary Willie" complaining of the monotony of the landscape, and the length of the journey, quietly remarked as she gazed through the window, "Sure it's a blessed country, I think God made it for the poor."

To me the chivalry of to-day is to feed mankind, not to fight them, and the sooner Providence forces all nations to this point of view, the better pleased I shall be. But George wanted fighting men, and a frontier, and tariffs. And I know this, that when he was driven by the Tariff problem to the Statistical Abstract, he was staggered to find that England—a raft moored out in the Atlantic with a fortnight's food on board, was a cosmopolitan clearing-house of money and goods, interlocked by financial bonds with the whole civilised world. He wanted a frontier of consanguinity, not cash. He had a horror of civil and military powers being dictated to by Bankers and Financiers. To clear these rocks he steered quite sincerely, towards an Imperial ring fence, to the refrain of "In exitu Israel!"

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Much water has flowed under the pack-horse bridge at Derwent since George Wyndham and myself first gazed together into that peat stained stream. Another generation of mankind has gone by, wider knowledge has been gained, new hopes, and fresh ideals have inspired the souls of men. If to-day some youthful member of his family or mine were to ask me, "Think you that the world is better?" I would reply in the words of Edward Dowden:—"I see that the world is going to be a very different world from that of my early days, and that I shall not live to know how very different it will be; but my faith is that it is going to be a better world."

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I am and always have been a whole-hearted Irish Nationalist, so it is not for me to discuss the termination of George's Chief Secretaryship, and without all the original documents the task would be impossible. But I wish to ease my soul to this extent only, that I believe there are many impartial men, Conservative by tradition, but open to consider constitutional developments in Ireland, who believe to-day that George was more than once let go by hands that should have held him up, and who viewed with bitterness the loss to Ireland, and to the Empire, of, in their opinion, the most sympathetic and far-seeing Conservative Irish Minister of modern times. Also, that this resentment has engendered great and unexpected changes of feeling, among moderate men, in policy and party, in both Ireland and England. Until his own documents are forthcoming let the following letters to Pamela about Ireland suffice, especially for those who have been already tempted to guess about what they do not know:—

Saughton,

Beloved Pam,—

5th October, 1906.

I got back to Saughton late last night after a month's racket, more or less, and am alone in my tower; and alone in many ways. When one is alone, all the other lonely people begin to talk. The Psalmist, shouting out against his enemies in the night, becomes a pal. And everything that has been said well becomes a masonic grip of secret fraternity. I read 'Puck of Pook's Hill' yesterday, and I will be bound to say that nobody has enjoyed it, or will ever enjoy it, more than I did. It will—I dare say—strike you from the children, governess, tea-time, fairy-tale point of view. And, quite possibly, you will feel that, from that point of view, you know a great deal more than Rudyard Kipling. But anyway that is only the envelope of his letter. His letter—what he meant—was written to me. Because I am alone in my Tower. So I thanked him.

Few of the lonely ones, who confabulate, have ever understood better all the time, and shewn better some of the time, than Browning, for example; this is all that I could wish to hear about my work in Ireland—and afterwards.....

“ So with this thought of yours that fain would work  
 Free in the world : it wants just what it finds—  
 The ignorance, stupidity, the hate,  
 Envy and malice and uncharitableness  
 That bar your passage, break the flow of you  
 Down from those happy heights where many a cloud  
 Combined to give you birth and bid you be  
 The royalist of rivers : on you glide  
 Silverly till you reach the summit-edge,  
 Then over, on to all that ignorance,  
 Stupidity, hate, envy, bluffs and blocks,  
 Posted to fret you into foam and noise.  
 What of it? Up you mount in minute mist,  
 And bridge the chasm that crushed your quietude,  
 A spirit-rainbow, earthborn jewelry  
 Outsparkling the insipid firmament  
 Blue above Terni and its orange trees.”

All I could wish to hear ; I should think so ! But I do  
 hear it now in my tower and know it is far more than I deserve.  
 But that is the little way of the lonely people. They are  
 generous. Wasn't it jolly of Browning, only two pages after  
 that, to tell a story of some conoiscnte who hid all the group of  
 the Laocoon, and then invited the critics to say what his agony  
 expressed. Then Browning says this :—

“ One—  
 I give him leave to write my history—  
 Only one, said ‘ I think the gesture strives  
 Against some obstacle we cannot see.’

No more room, except to add that the lonely ones are un-  
 common good company.

Your devoted brother,

GEORGE.

Chief Secretary's Lodge,  
Phoenix Park,

25th July, 1903.

Darling Pam.,—

I must begin a letter to you to-day—perhaps finish it—as you, more than anyone else, will appreciate the dramatic and pathetic completeness of the triumph which the King and Queen have won in Irish hearts. You love them because you have a fountain of loyalty in you which must gush out if it is allowed a channel. That is just how it is with the Irish, and how it has ever been. But they have hardly ever been given a channel for their loyalty. In all history the only sovereigns who ever tried, even, to be Kings to them were John, Richard II., and George IV.; a sorry trio. But the Irish loved them; the first two, to failure and death; the last, until he turned on them or from them, and threw in his lot wholly with Orange uncouthness. I exclude James II., because he only went to Ireland to fight for his own crown, and failed to do that.

To begin at the end, the situation was summed up this morning by a little girl, one of the thousands and thousands of children who for days have done nothing but smile and cheer and wave and yearn towards the King and Queen. She said to the philanthropist who was marshalling them for the last good-bye—‘I am so glad that we may love the King now because he spoke so nicely about the Pope.’

I revert to the beginning and the simple narration of things as I saw them.

26th July, 1903.

On Monday, 20th, I caught the Irish Mail (8.45 p.m.) from the House of Commons, found it full of Irish notables (laid down 4 hours sleep to have it in hand) and was met at Holyhead by a naval officer in a white cap. We climbed across a couple of ships to a steam pinnace and waited for the King's messenger in the second half of the mail. The waning moon hung low with a planet for pendant. The transparent sky paled towards dawn. The iron-clads seemed grey monsters in the distance. At last the second half droned in, a string of

lights, and, with our King's Messenger and despatch boxes aboard, we ripped through the dawn-tinted glassy sea out to the Royal Yacht, with the grey monsters for her advance guard. My cabin was large, with pretty clean chintzes and pale blue silk duvet on the berth. It was too beautiful to sleep. I watched the daylight grow, or Torpedo-catchers tear by like nightmares; heard the clock strike 4 and 5, and dropped off to the sound of weighing anchor. I woke at 7 to a sense of discouragement. The fairy serenity of overnight and dawn had changed to grey skies, grey seas, white horses and pitiless plunging rain. Through the mist and torrents the grey monsters on either side moved on, ignoring the waves. The Kish light-ship danced foolishly in a flutter of many-coloured bunting, and popped off two two-penny guns whose smoke merged in the mist and surf.

I bathed, dressed in uniform with medals and Patrick badge, longed for breakfast, met Lords Knollys, Churchill, Admiral Stevenson, Condie Steevens, etc., all more or less in uniform, and all longing for breakfast.

The rain still fell, but less relentlessly. I could not forego the entry; so mounted to hurricane deck and watched the greater herd of grey monsters—all the Channel and Home Fleets—reaching in a giant avenue out to sea. We passed between them. Each was manned, and from each a bugle blew as we passed. The rack began to lift. Watery gleams spread and contracted, to spread again through the French-grey and chalky leadenness of the clouds over the Wicklow mountains. Kingstown a mile ahead blazed with bunting, like beds of geranium and calceolaria, with numberless white yachts within the moles. Torpedo-catchers again ploughed by, and, at last, breakfast.

We began this with an awkward mixture of free and easy help-yourself—added to attentions from powdered footmen in scarlet liveries. Nobody was at ease. The ladies looked as if it was earlier than usual. Knollys asked me what I thought of the Pope's death. The rain still fell, but now in jewels. An empty place at the head of the table next me had three substantial silver dishes, covered, in front of it.

A hasty signal from Churchill warned me off them and to the side-board for my food. As I returned in came the King, fresh, happy, most kind, in uniform, and everybody was at their ease. The Pope's death and the weather did not matter so much.

He ate well, looked well, spoke well. 'The Pope's dead, of course we had expected it'.....'A boiled egg'.....'Did you sleep well?'.....'Some more bacon'.....'You are my Minister in attendance, as well as Chief Secretary, you know?'.....and so on with greatest kindness, good sense and calm, monumental confidence that every thing does go right.

With but 20 minutes to spare before landing, but without a trace of effort or fuss, I found myself smoking a cigarette with him, altering the reply to the Kingstown address under his instructions; getting it type-written, countermanding the Theatre, writing and telegraphing to Cardinal Logue, sending a communique to the Press, all as if there was any amount of time and no difficulties and the kindness beaming every moment more benignant and all-embracing.

Off I went in a steam pinnace, landed under an awning of white and old gold in stripes eighteen inches wide. On the wide red carpet were Duchess of Connaught, two little princesses and Lady Dudley in chairs; Dudley and Vice-Regal Court, the Deputation, and beyond State carriages, escort, soldiers, crowds, grand-stands packed, and, to the booming of salutes from all the grey monsters, the King's barge of deep navy blue with a huge Royal ensign, was pulled up by 12 blue-jackets. It was the first of many moments that thrilled.

We drove, mostly at a walk, through 11 miles of bunting and cheering crowds; growing denser and more vociferous. It culminated in the triangular space bounded by Trinity College and the Old Parliament House. My companions of the English Court began to admit that the people were really there and really jubilant. Every window and housetop was packed. The Bands took up 'God save the King' for mile after mile; the colours fell flat in the mud as the Sovereign passed. They cheered me a good deal, and the Land Bill and

Wolseley and Bobs. As we reached the Vice-Regal the sun went in and the rain poured down. The King and Queen shook hands with us all, seeming as ever to be in no hurry and only engaged in making every one happy.

This and the prolonged roar, blare, glare, glitter and glamour of two variegated, agitated, sonorous hours, telescoped the long, grey expectation of the morning, so that Kingstown and the Fleet became old memories, and the moon over Holyhead Harbour an experience in another life. (Aside to Pamela) 'I doubt whether a letter on this scale can be finished—However'.....

At my Lodge I found Sibell, Ormonde, Constance Butler, Dunraven and Lady.....and Col. Brock, the Queen's Equerry, and many more, then or later, for I have no recollection of the people who have slept and fed here.

Tuesday evening we dined at Vice-Regal Lodge with the King and Queen. I sat next to Princess Victoria. She is good, gentle and sensible and absolutely unselfish. We had great fun; Lady Gosford on my right; the Queen giving us little nods and smiles, pretending to be shocked and being amused at our laughing and chatter. Lady Gosford, wife of an ultra landlord, has made friends with me, and frankly acknowledges that the people do cheer the King more than in Scotland or London. The Queen talked to me after dinner and is delicious.

Wednesday, 22nd. Started at 10 a.m., with Ormonde in full fig, sociable and pair, etc. Was cheered on the way. Chaffed Ormonde for being in infantry uniform. He explained that he was Colonel of the Kilkenny Militia. 'a fine lot.....they fought wonderfully well in South Africa.'

In St. Patrick's Hall, Arthur Ellis and others coached us. I knew my part pretty well, but it is a strain to cling to the King's reply and learn up all the deputations in their order. There were 82 of them. The roar of cheers, 'God Save the King,' clatter of the escort, and we process and group ourselves about the Throne. I stood on the steps and presented each of the 82 deputations. They were to present addresses. But they did anything but that; shook the King's

hand and marched off with address under arm ; were retrieved and address extracted. The last touch came, when the spokesman of the Land Surveyors touched the tip of the King's fingers, shot the address into the waste-paper basket (into which I threw the cards after calling the names) and bolted at five miles an hour. The Queen was very naughty and did her best to make me laugh, so that my next was delivered in quavering tones. Yet the Queen did this in such a way as to make every one, including the culprit, feel comfortable and witty. I cannot adequately express the kindness and coolness of the King. He coached them in a fat cosy whisper 'Hand me the address,' and then accepted it with an air and gracious bow, as if gratified at finding such adepts in Court ceremonial.

The only people who approached him in simplicity and charm, were the two carmen who presented an address signed by 1200 jarveys. Only the Irish can do these things. They had not put on Sunday best, but their best ordinary clothes, scrupulously brushed. They never faltered and invented something between a bow and a curtsy that seemed exactly appropriate.

After that a levee of 1500. We all got tired ; for the sun beat in on our eyes. It did, however, come to an end. There was just time to get back, lunch and change into frock coat, then off to Vice-Regal to see the King at 3.30. He, in no hurry and, if possible, with greater kindness, discussed many points which had arisen, suggested emendations in replies, all of them happy and dead on the bull's eye. At 4 p.m. I started with King, Queen, and Princess Victoria. He has always made them drive in their carriage. The enthusiasm of the crowd was even greater than on Tuesday. For 3 miles to Trinity one roar of cheers and frenzy of handkerchiefs. Every woman with a baby in Dublin was there to jump him up and down at the King ; every ragged urchin, every sleek shop-keeper—every rough, every battered old Irish-woman with jewel eyes in wrinkled Russian leather face. They do not say 'God Save the King' as we do, anyhow. They lift their hands to Heaven to imprecate '*God Bless the King,*'

as if adjuring the Deity to fulfil their most ardent desire and His most obvious duty. You may have read of Trinity. The papers did not report the drive back. We returned by Sackville Street—the finest in Dublin—and here the people became merely delirious. They worked themselves into an ecstasy and all sang ‘God Save the King.’ The Queen kept pointing to this or that tatterdemalion saying ‘The poorer they are, Mr. Wyndham, the louder they cheer.’ We went on through the poorest parts by North Circular Road, and ever and always, there was the same intense emotion. It brought tears to the Queen’s eyes, and a lump in my throat. No one who did not drive in their carriage will ever know how mesmeric it was. It made me understand the Mussulman conquests and the Crusades. For here was a whole population in hysteria. Polo was still going on as we neared the Vice-Regal Gates and—at the end of such a day—nothing would serve but that we should drive on to the grass. The Queen asked them to play an extra ten minutes, for the game was over. And they did play to the tune of ‘If doughty deeds my lady please.’ Nobody, however, was killed. Though in one charge they drove a pony on to the rail, and turned him and rider head over heels into the spectators. We had a dinner party that night.

Thursday, 23rd. Presented colours to the Hibernian School of little soldier boys. And then to the Review. This was the culmination. We rode in a cavalcade from the Vice-Regal, grooms, escort, etc., then the King and Duke of Connaught. He asked me to ride just behind him with Duke of Portland. I wore my yeomanry uniform and rode a little thoroughbred mare I had commandeered from the 21st Lancers. As we started the Royal Salute opened. At the Gate a scene, which I shall never forget, began. The Phoenix monument was a pyramid of mad humanity, screaming, blessing, waving hats and handkerchiefs, and so on down an interminable lane of frenzied enthusiasm. I love riding and a row; but never before, or again, shall I witness such a sight. Some people thought it dangerous. But our blood was up and the King paced on perfectly calm among dancing dervishes and horses

mad with fear and excitement. Even the horses of the Blues got quite out of control, rearing and pirouetting. It looked as if they must knock the King over. But as they plunged towards him, the Duke of Connaught or Roberts moved between and Portland or self backed up. You must imagine 100 acres of green sward framed by trees, with the mountains beyond changing under shafts of light between storms that never burst. There were thunderstorms all round ; but a sheet of burning sunshine on the Review. The horses maddened by the cheers from a nation, did knock down the whole of the Admirals and Captains specially invited from the Fleet. We rode away and down the line, my mare just behaved with enough spirit.

And now, as I tell you everything, I will tell you two things that pleased me. Yesterday, a carman said to me :— ‘ We knew you in your uniform and watched you all the time with glasses from the wall.’ And that afternoon the Queen said to me :— ‘ How beautifully you ride.’ She knows how to say what will please.

Overnight Osbert Lumley told me that the great point, the ‘ clou ’ as they say in France, was to be that the cavalry would line the whole route back to the Vice-Regal gates. This nearly settled the business. The stupendous cheering and surging of the crowds drove the horses out of their senses. Groups screamed at us out of the trees overhead, women and children wriggled through the horses’ legs to get nearer. They knocked over Arthur Ellis, who is laid up with gout in consequence. A Lancers’ chestnut horse put his fore-feet almost on to my shoulders. The King paced on and lit a cigarette, bowing and smiling and waving his hand to the ragamuffins in the branches. That finished me and now I love him. When we dismounted he laughed, thanked us all, and beamed enough to melt an iceberg. Sir William Ewart said to me that he had never seen such enthusiasm even for the late Queen. It is of no use to try and describe it ; but a great possession to have been there.

In the afternoon we went to races, in the evening to dine with the Connaughts. It was memorable. The avenue to the

Royal Hospital was festooned with Chinese lanterns. We banqueted in the great Hall of old oak, hung with armour. We sat down at two gigantic round tables, 32 at each, laden with roses. But I began to tire and so do you. After that we had a Court at the Castle. My solace and keen pleasure was to stand near the Queen. Her garter riband brought out the blue of her eyes. Her cramoisie train was hung to her shoulders by great jewels of dropping pearls. She had a high open-work lace collar, a breastplate and gorget—you may say—of diamonds and ropes of round pearls falling to her lap. And she is an Angel. We got to bed about 3 a.m.

Friday, 24th. This is described in the papers. We slummed together in the most squalid streets. The bare-legged children and tattered members of the submerged, hurra-ed themselves hoarse and incidentally, smashed Portland's hat, with a hard, heavy bunch of cottage flowers, dog-daisies and sweet peas tied up to the consistency of a cabbage.

But this is enough. We went to Maynooth in the afternoon by train—see papers—and on the way back, with their supernatural kindness the King and Queen came here and loitered and talked and thanked and over-praised and made me love them—just as if they had done nothing and had nothing to do except to please Sibell and myself. 'Kindness like this is genius,' and the line as Bossuet wrote it may stand for Her; only it is sweetness as much as beauty.

In the evening we went to a party. The King kept me after all were gone, shewed the most eager desire to understand every twist in the labyrinth of Irish life, and was so kind to me that I cannot speak of it.

Yesterday, we saw them off, and I agreed in sentiment with an old Irish woman on the platform, who just sobbed, saying, 'Come back, Ah! ye will come back!' That was the cry that pierced through the blaring of the bands, and the Blessings and the cheers. 'Come back' they kept calling in every street. And these are the people whom some call disloyal.

Your most loving brother,  
 GEORGE.

George loved a story a lady told me about a journey through Canada. Her train was delayed at some very remote station, and she had to take a night's lodging in a farm. The accommodation was given by a fellow-passenger, an Irish-Canadian farmer, travelling back from a visit to Ireland. When they reached the homestead, her host untied a handkerchief carried from the old country, and one by one a family of five barefoot children were made to stand upon a green sod, cut from a hill-side in County Kerry.

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27th March, 1914. I am sitting with Denis Hyde in the Library at Clouds, the last achievement of George's home life, over which he spent considerable time, planning, sketching, and deliberating, incidentally with all his friends, particularly with the beloved Detmar Blow. It is difficult to imagine a more perfect workshop for a student than George created on the second floor of Clouds, by throwing three rooms facing south, into one long recessed gallery, inspired by Wells and Marsh's Library in Dublin. At each end is a latticed window with a seat below it, and between the seats an avenue 72 feet in length. Through the side windows one looks down on to the splendid sweep of green sward sloping from West to East, fringed with a belt of beeches.

Round the tops of the massive oak bookshelves are Latin inscriptions in gold on a blue ground; and on the door of a recess:—"This Library, formerly three bedrooms, was planned by George Wyndham, and was constructed under his guidance by W. Mallett, E. J. Mallett, D. Farthing, and E. P. Northfield, A.D. 1912." I catalogued a great number of his books when they were at Saighton, and hope to complete the work for Percy. This might lead me to try my hand at an essay on George in his library, for its contents have a great deal to do with his intellectual history. In this "sweet asylum of intellectual life" he and I had hoped to spend many happy hours together. Perhaps, in a sense, it may yet be so.

I shall never forget him, I suppose over 20 years ago, sitting by my side in the Bibliotheca Laurenziana at Florence, pulling out the precious Greek manuscripts, chained to the desks, which had been brought over by the theologians who came to the Council of Florence. What thrilled him was that we were handling the very first copies of Homer and Plato, known and seen by Western Europe. Close by, we were told, was the room in which Aldus set up his type. This splendid and intelligent expenditure of wealth by the Medici family, made a profound impression on him, not only the collection of these precious works, but their preservation by Pope Leo X. in the library designed by Michael Angelo. I remember we went over to the Medici Chapel to see Benozzo Gozzoli's frescoes of the journey to Bethlehem, in which the figures and faces of the Eastern Kings are said to be portraits of John Paleologus, last Emperor of Byzantium, and the Patriarch of Constantinople, visitors to the Council; and behind them Lorenzo the Magnificent himself, representing King Balthazar.

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And now, looking back over a quarter of a century, ought I not to thank God that such a friend was given to me, who understood me better than I understood myself, and always over-valued me to my good? As a child I was lonely and invented people to live with, but I was not more intimate with them than I was with him. From first to last I felt absolutely at home with him. Everything that came into my mind I just let out, and a long silence embarrassed neither of us. We dared to be silent together because we knew each other very well. I think I rested him and sometimes refreshed him. He often liked me about when he was writing, and would turn silently round and look at me when he was building a difficult sentence. We read a great deal aloud to each other. He read Browning and Chaucer quite excellently. Tragedy and comedy sometimes blended when I became uncontrollably sleepy, and tried vainly to lift my tired eyelids as the pregnant but obscure passages of Browning leapt

past my fatigued mental vision. This naturally occurred on evenings when George was more than ordinarily wide awake ; but often enough after a short struggle I ended up as brisk as he. What I like to think of is his splendid generosity in sharing with me the best of all he got. I see him again in the upper-room at Saughton with the volumes lying ready for me, and his royal enthusiasm selecting the order of the feast. Or setting out for a long walk from the door at Saughton or Clouds, his cap under his arm, his hair lifted by the wind, absorbed in imaginative talk about the Court of Henry II., or the quarrels of the Elizabethan poets and play-wrights, the pace so quick and the points touched so numerous that the effect was often enigmatic from sheer condensed speed. By the time we got on to an eminence he would begin on land-marks or contours- -this way Alfred went to meet the Danes, or over that brow runs the Roman Road. He had a great love for maps, and an excellent visual memory. Companionship of this kind is rare. He often said to me, " We can talk in allusions which is a great comfort, it is so tiring having to explain everything." " The Pheacians " was one of our ' hieroglyphics.' It arose out of a description Robert Hudson gave me of Mr. Gladstone at a public luncheon, sitting next to the Mayor of some East Coast sea-port, a noble weathered skipper of a fishing-smack, who sat listening in confused dismay as the Grand Old Man poured out a long dissertation from Homer about Pheacian methods of catching lobsters ! This met any occasion when the discourse o'er-topped the understanding. We had gradually manufactured a collection of such symbols which were very useful, and sufficiently enigmatic in mixed company.

Another of them was the word " Semolina," which came from a story, told, I think, by Harold Frederic, who said that he went into a Restaurant and tried to score off an elderly waiter with Dundreary whiskers, by glancing down the bill of fare and saying, " I should like some rice pudding, some plum pudding, and some castle pudding " ; to which the old man, quite unmoved, replied, " and what's the matter with the Semolina pudding ? " All Mr. Frederic's audience laughed

at the waiter's triumph, except a curate, who remarked, after a short pause, in a rich throaty accent :—" But you have not yet told us what *was* the matter with the Semolina pudding ! " This is how the name of that innocent farinaceous nourishment came to be the symbol of abject mental futility.

This kind of intimate companionship is one of the treasures of life, for ordinary society holds us all on the surface of things ; whereas intimacy plunges us into the great deeps. The essence of it is the appreciative understanding of one mind by another, greater or less than itself. The generous appreciation of superiors is wholesome and helpful, the flattery of inferiors is degrading and detestable. With George there was a sanguine expectancy that made all his geese try to become swans, partly to make him love them, and partly from sheer love and gratitude to him. To come within range of this buoyant anticipation, out of the depressing influence of a domestic circle in which all the minus marks had been long remembered, and often recalled, was a glorious holiday. Emerson hits this absolutely :—" Our chief want in life is somebody who shall make us do what we can. This is the service of a friend. With him we are easily great. There is a sublime attraction in him to whatever virtue there is in us. How he flings wide open the door of existence ! What questions we ask of him ! What an understanding we have ! How few words are needed ! It is the only real society. A real friend doubles my Possibilities and adds his strength to mine, and makes a well-nigh irresistible force possible to me."

The fact is George belonged to that select order of men who are capable of realizing intense intimacies. Fastidious he was no doubt, and sensitive ; stifled by pompous men, blatant women, noisy servants, and stupid interruption ; but spreading his " unconfined wings " among gentle spirits, exchanging spontaneous thought, away from glare and noise, in some quiet place. There, with transmitter and receiver in perfect attune, the messages flashed to and fro across the incorporeal ether, and men and women forgot for a while, even tailor and dress-maker. With sympathetic instruments George could generate and sustain an atmosphere of such sodality, that many would

ask themselves on leaving his company, "Why do most of us live habitually so far below our possibilities?" On the other hand, the exquisite machinery of his being was so sensitive, its appetite so fastidious, that a slight jar threw it out of gear, and the blunted edge had very little feeling in it.

Yet, how sensitive he was! One of his oldest and best-beloved friends—Mabel Montgomery—tells me that the first time she saw George was at a children's party in London, to which a wandering Punch and Judy had been invited for the amusement of the juvenile guests. When the racket began, and the puppets whacked each other over the head, and Judy was tossed helpless from Punch's truncheon into the curtained abyss below, George burst into a flood of tears and would not be comforted. In later years he entertained a less hysterical view of this drama, for I remember well at Glastonbury, only two or three summers ago, when you and Lady Plymouth and myself and others were wandering through those impressive aisles, and wringing the last note of Arimathean and Arthurian legendary romance out of the sacred precincts, suddenly, there was borne from afar on the solemn evening air, the nasal clarion of the bombastic hero of the last surviving relic of mediæval miracle-play. Needless to say, the entire party broke into a gentle trot, and found, in the forefront of the village street, this ancient tragedy being enacted before the upturned faces of a hundred happy children, whom they at once joined. The perspiring operator who immediately took round the cap, was so delighted at the shower of silver that he repeated the more exciting scenes; whilst Toby, in frilled red and white collar, gazed with detached demeanour on the group of market colliers at some distance, and the fantastic puppet bobbed, nodded, and squeaked in front of him, "a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fruy, signifying nothing!"

George was very sensitive, and to be sensitive is to suffer, for "life is a comedy to those who think, but a tragedy to those who feel"; the most acute sufferings are often inflicted by innocent stupidity, that does whilst it damages.

Once or twice I saw him profoundly moved, with the floodgates of emotion opened wide. Do you remember how touched he was by his visit to the Convent at Foxford in County Mayo? He poured out his soul to me about it at Chief Secretary's Lodge that night—"And what do you think they have up over the altar in the Chapel? *Mitis sum et humilis corde.*" After all the clang and din of well-advertised philanthropy, it was a joy to peep into the quiet five-mile circuit of social, educational, agricultural and industrial restoration brought about by the Sisters of Charity, and over all the divine inspiration—*Mitis sum et humilis corde.*

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George lived in constant contact with acute intellects, and knew well and felt keenly the power of sarcasm, but I never remember his glorying in its use. He had power to hurt, and did no hurt. He laughed when I told him the story of the Cambridge don, who remarked, after the inaugural lecture of the new Professor of History, "I did not think we should have missed his poor dear predecessor so soon," thereby killing two birds with one apparently innocent stone, but he did not set himself to do likewise. He walked gently through life trampling on as few living things as possible, because he possessed a kindly temperament, and was a great gentleman. He was a fountain of loving kindness to all who knew him. In 1910 he wrote to an intimate friend:—"Inwardly and intentionally I am a mascot. Never forget that: inwardly a mascot; intentionally an active well-wisher for you to be happy..... So when I wish you a Happy New Year, it isn't a phrase. It is a simple announcement of a power I am vested with to bring happiness and their heart's desire to those I am fond of, even if they don't care twopence about me. I have that power because I have no great wishes for myself. It just spills over from me to those who have been brought near me by their wishes..... In many ways unguessed, you will find that I am your friend, and a lucky friend, because of **this exuberance of vitality and luck that goes altogether**

beyond my own needs. I have no need in me except to help my friends, and to be fond of them and to assist their happiness."

About three months before his death he wrote to the same friend :—" I have little *reason* for my exuberant share of joy and fun. Indeed, I have been having a rough time, but that—to me—seems to make no difference. Just as some people are born with a weak chest, or a curved spine, or a bad temper, or a lugubrious distaste for LIFE (due to liver or lungs)—I was born with a Fountain of youthful expectation and delight. But also, Dear, as you know, with a deep well of sympathy. O, my Dear, what it is to Live in spite of everybody and everything! I do, somehow. I went to London yesterday for Army Estimates and family tragedies. Well, I just did the estimates, and saw lawyers, and went to bed at 1.30. Then I slept in the knowledge that I should fly back. And I did. I woke at a quarter to seven like a boy of 17. Got to Waterloo 20 minutes before the train. Got to Salisbury at 11. Got on my horse and hunted and rode home for 6 immortal hours of galloping and jumping, and singing to my horse when he was tired and I was jubilant."

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And suppose it were put to me now : " Well, and what could one learn from George Wyndham that one could not easily find elsewhere " ? I would reply : " He taught one the value of courage, that is the art of paying as little heed as possible to the crowd of petty fears of death, illness, theft, poverty, disloyalty, and detraction, which haunt the human heart ; and simply to be your whole brave self, for all the rest of your life.

He taught one, that having so far conquered oneself, and thereby economised a large percentage of time, hitherto wasted in apprehensions of great catastrophes that don't occur, and petty calamities that don't count, you may then devote yourself, soul and body, to some beautiful, invigorating or useful human interest.

He taught one that out of this forgetfulness of self, and absorption into one's job, be it prayer, politics, painting, polo or ploughing, there will arise a simple love of others, which will make them love you.

He taught one that to recreate oneself physically and mentally, is to earn the joy that comes from fearless endeavour, and expresses itself in mirth and merriment

All of which may be summed up in a motto he often gave to me : " Courage, Love, and Fun."

He taught one that each of us has to make up his mind whether life be worth living or not, and that to shirk this decision, and drift in the line of least resistance, is to atrophy the functions of soul and body ; to be little loved, and less wanted ; and to be branded as a deserter by all true men.

He taught one that to elect to join the ranks of those who generously accept the aboriginal mandate to subdue the earth, is to find oneself in company with the noblest of God's creatures, from those who decorated the cave-dwellings of the ice-age by the light of moss and oil lamps, to such as now seek to girdle the round world with Herzian waves ; despite the silence of God, the obliteration of past human effort, and the curtain drawn across the future. He taught one that men rise to higher things through ever reaching out to nobler ideals of Truth and Beauty, Love and Duty ; the loftiest of which is to be found in the teaching and practice of Him Whose blessed Feet, " were nail'd for our advantage on the bitter cross."

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It may be said of George :—

He held his soul with both his hands,  
And bound it by a thousand strands  
To Truth and Beauty.  
Then wove the story of his days,  
A warp of Love a woof of Praise<sup>1</sup>  
A web of Duty.

And now I must release you and go back to my daily life and work. I have written about our great loss and eased my grief by "remembering happier days." Right glad shall I be if one word of this mitigates for a moment the greatest sorrow of your earthly life. If it does, then look at this letter sometimes, for though it is only a faint sketch, and no finished portrait, it is the labour of a very loving hand, which has tried to outline the figure of a very noble gentleman. Imperfect these *Recognita* must be, compared with those locked away in your own heart, dear Lady! Indeed I hardly dare to let my clumsy hand touch upon your wound, so recent, so sensitive, so irreparable! Flesh and blood trembles as we look into the void created by such a separation, the empty shelves, the vacant rooms, the closed correspondence, the completed companionship! Still, "in the great hand of God we stand," and He sets us apart in the flesh to bring us together in the spirit, in newness of life, where this mortal shall put on immortality. Imprisoned here among the things of time and sense, "like benighted men we miss our mark." Indeed, what are books written about absent friends but dream-pictures of vanished faces and silent voices—for "the sleeping and the dead are but as pictures"—that grow fainter as we gaze back upon them, and in real life were semblances only of those "ultimate selves" who have all along been our real companions, shrouded from us within the veil of this material universe?

To all who knew George well, and to thousands who venerate him in Ireland and England, his unlooked for death was a heart-rending shock. In a sense it was well for him that he passed through the gateway before he knew it, and well for those who loved him that they were spared the agony of seeing his unfettered spirit imprisoned among the drab details of gradual decay. But there is intense pathos in this early though merciful death. After all he was a brilliant human creature. He plunged like a young thorough-bred into the vortex of English life, touched it in all its most interesting phases, political, literary, artistic and scientific; and brought a beautiful bodily presence, gracious manners, and astounding power of

stimulating and suggestive converse into the society of his day. He put on to the Statute-Book of Great Britain and Ireland an Act of supreme importance ; gave half his life, at his own cost and charges, and at vast expense of vital energy, to the politics of his country, and might well have looked forward to some years of rest and retirement. But it was not to be ; “ God’s finger touched him, and he slept.” May he rest in peace ! his body laid beside his father’s, among the labourers on the lands he loved, whilst his ardent spirit flies back to that Supreme Source of life from whence it came.

So now, dear Lady, fare you well. For all the loving kindness you and he have given me through many years, I thank you with all my heart.

CHARLES T. GATTY.







*Percy Wyndham*

## POSTSCRIPT.

The foregoing pages were completed during the month of July. In August the war broke out, and both your sons went to the front.

I said good-bye to Percy at Grosvenor House on August 11, and handed to him the complete proofs of "Recognita," most of which he read during the last few days he spent in London, whilst I was at Eaton with Bendor. I am thankful to say he delighted in the book, and marked all the pages I hoped he would love, such as 15, 16, 17, 19 and 20.

On September 14 he was instantaneously killed by rifle fire about 12 miles East of Soissons. The halo of gallant self-sacrifice for the sanctity of international treaties and the freedom of mankind glorifies the sorrow of his wife and kindred, but nothing can fill his place.

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### *Extracts from Correspondence.*

*From Percy to Diana describing the fight at Landrecies.*

"24th or 25th August—but lost count.

Mind you this war is going to be no cake-walk for us. We beat the Germans at actual fighting, but they have wonderfully good staff work and plans and arrangements, and till by brute force we can—(continued 1 p.m. next day)—As I wrote the last word the alarm went. It was, however, only a few scouts came round, but we thought the fact significant. Had a hurried tea, and at 7 o'clock went out with the Company to guard all the approaches to the town. We were told there were some English and French troops who would want to come

through. Hardly was it dark, about 8 p.m., and raining, when we heard a body of men approaching. We challenged them to halt, they came on answering in French. We told them again to halt; they were then only 10 or 20 yards off, and with a yowl they sprang forward, and yelled "Deutschland." After that words fail me. Hell was let loose. Our men lay down flat and poured volley after volley into them. I flattened myself against a wall and quaked. In about 3 minutes it subsided and awful groans filled the air. Then little Charles Monk came out and said, "Come on No. 3, line the road," and we all gathered round. Another Company came up in support, and David (Bingham) got his machine guns into action. Nothing can describe what followed. They kept charging up to us, and we replied with volley after volley. The men were marvellous, quite cool and obeyed all our fire orders to the letter. I have never known anything like the bursts of fire. They then brought up a gun, at 200 yards, and fired lydite point blank at us!! My word it was a caper. They kept coming on, and at about 12-30 made a final desperate effort. I thought we never could stick it, but we did. I just said my prayers as I lay, nose buried in the ground, and waited for my bit of shell or bullet. But, glory be to God, it never came. We drove them right back with our fire, and they never came on again, and they tell me 2,000 of them never will again. The troops were too marvellous. We were getting enfiladed at one moment, and had to retire about 20 yards; not a man went back further, when we shouted a turn round and die like a Coldstreamer. They shot like demons, and absolutely straight. I got out of all my heavy kit, pack, revolver, knapsack, etc., and piled it in front of me, and got a rifle and bayonet from one of the dead un's. We just shot and shot in great paralysing bursts of fire. When we retired 20 yards, I had to leave my kit, so now I have nothing but what I stand up in. No coat, no woolly, no nothing. Our losses were 119 men killed and wounded, 2 of whom were sergeants in my Platoon. I am afraid poor little Archer Windsor Clive is dead now, but not sure, and Hawarden as well. Rupert Keppel, Dick Rowley, and Robert Whitbread were wounded.

But, well its an experience I never want again, they tell me it will make history. We marched off 14 kilometres directly afterwards, and now a big battle is on, but we're in reserve, and I am writing tucked away in a corn-stook, waiting..... We must smash this lot in front of us now. I don't know how many there are, but our blood is up now, and we will go on till we drop. I have lost all count of time and dates, but it seems years since I slept, and we have only one frugal meal a day; lucky to get that sometimes.....Have shot an aeroplane with my platoon and bagged it—Hurrah!!”

*From Percy to his Mother :—*

Wednesday, August 27th about, but lost count  
Just a little line to say I am wonderfully well and safe.

We had a tremendous fight night before last which you may read about, but if you don't see it in papers have written account to Diana.

Poor little Archer Windsor Clive was very badly wounded, and I am afraid since dead, but not quite sure of this yet.

Will you see Lady Plymouth from me, and tell her he was *most gallant* all that night, and try and explain how *we all* everyone of us, feel for her and miss him.

As you will see from my letter to Diana it was the most ghastly night. But the most wonderful performance on the part of our men. We are so proud of them, everyone talking of it here now, it really was a bit extra. Poor Little Hawarden I am afraid is dead, too, and Dick Rowley, Rupert Keppel and Robert Whitbread wounded. But we absolutely slaughtered the Germans, so that's all right

Tell Lady Plymouth that Archer was only hit at the very end, and I saw him directly after it, and he was then unconscious, so I think he suffered very little. God bless you my Darling; this is an awful war, but it must be to the death now, we have marched and fought continuously for a week now, and can't stop till we wipe out altogether this lot in front of us. about 4 Corps we think.

Thank Lettice for her darling post card arrived yesterday.

Send socks for the men, cheap cigarettes and tobacco as often as you can. Address them to me, and I will give them to my Platoon.

I don't know how we shall go on when winter comes. I have got nothing except what I stand up in! Lost all my kit in the dark in the fight! Slept in the rain last night in the middle of a field. But curled up close to little Vaughan and we kept each other fairly warm!

Anyhow we are all now in wonderful health and great spirits. I shot an aeroplane last night. The savagery of war is awful, but we are perfect gentlemen compared to the Germans who stop at nothing—However I trust we will soon stop them!! Saw dear old Benny twice, last time the day before yesterday, looking wonderfully well.—

We going on again now

*From Percy to Denis Hyde :—*

“ Friday,

Sept. 11th, 1914.

I have just this minute received your letter, the first I have got, but apparently the second 10/- you sent, it is dated August 28th. It's the first mail we have had in for three weeks. We heard about a week ago that two mails had been lost, so I fear the worst for the nice things you sent me. But go on sending them and hope for the best, and anything that the tenants' wives make for the troops have *registered* and sent straight to me and I will give them to my Company.

I was hungering for a letter from you from Clouds, I thought I should never hear. But I felt you were writing and sending things. Go on doing it, and I long to hear about the horses which are left, and how they are, and the garden and all the people. Give them *all* my love. Things I think are going pretty well now, but it is so big one can't grasp the whole situation. However, we are going the right way at last, and have pressed on since Sunday last, but it is terrible hard, and now alas the weather has broken down. I have got nothing but what I stand up in, lost all my kit in a night attack. Plenty of horrors of War now, spoil anyone's appetite bar mine. I

have never been so fit in my life, a bit thin but jolly well. This Battalion has had most of the fighting, but nothing at all satisfactory or big. It's nothing like what you would expect, but its uncomfortable. What it will be like in a month's time I tremble to think. One thing it will do is to redouble one's pleasure in life and home comforts. You will never catch me grouching about anything again once I get home!

It's impossible to give you the situation, because for one thing I don't really know it, nor does anyone else, bar, *perhaps*, French, and I don't suppose he can know it all because it's so huge and varies hourly; and second, I am not allowed to say anything. We have lost 14 officers and only got 2 per company left instead of 6!!!! Well, Bless you and give Mr. Miles and Mrs. Simnett and Bertha and Probyns and Englands and Malletts and everyone my love. I long to see you all again. Write and give me some account of the financial situation soon, and keep on writing and sending things,

Best of luck,

Yours,

P.W.'

*From Percy to his Mother :—*

" Sept. 11, 1914.

Just a line of love and hugs and to say I am well. I think things are going all right now, but one really can't tell at all, it's so big and huge, no one knows anything. We just march and fight small sorts of engagements about once a week, always Tuesdays, and sometimes Sundays. We just hope and pray for the best.

I see a lot of dear Benny and he is splendid. Supplies me with socks and chocolate which are the two absolute necessities of life.

Got a mail in this morning, the first for 3 weeks, and among it was a delicious soft brown muffler, and 2 very Bimish bits of soap, but it was not your writing; perhaps Jenny sent them off. We do think of you so, and long for home. The war is becoming rather dull now, but I expect any minute it may become too exciting again, so I won't grumble. The

great tragedy is that the weather has quite broken down now. It has been too, too, lovely, but now, rain and cold winds. What it will be like in a month I tremble to think.

If you make things for the men, or your Guild does, I think it would be as well to register them and send direct to me. I hear very few things sent from England really reach the right people. It's very sad to think so, but I am afraid it is often the case.

We have had several more officers wounded, and now, out of the 6 that started in our Company, only little Vaughan and me left. We have lost 15 one way and another, but I think only 3 died.

I wonder what you are all doing, I feel it must be far more dreadful for all of you in England than for us. We certainly suffer great discomforts at times, but as long as we get food, and up to now we have done well, we blow along in very happy fashion. We are just such tiny pawns in the game. We worry about nothing, just try and do our best in our immediate front, and hope and pray for it all to end soon.

Here is Durrell with some tea for us. He is being a treasure on this game. You might send him some little things. Also dear little Vaughan, who has only had one letter all this time."

" Sept. 12, 1914.

Got darling letter this morning written on 28th August. Loved it so. We still advance and things I think going really well; however, must not boast yet, but from my experience of a great retreat I can imagine what the Germans must be going through. Big fighting going on now on our right and left, but nothing much in front of us. But we all keep plugging on, and are in tremendous heart. Very wet yesterday and to-day, but got into a barn last night, and slept very well.

Seen dear old Benny twice to-day, once just now, returning from the battle on our left, where he had been shelled, but in great form. He has gone back to Headquarters now, so all right. Also saw Hitchcock riding Benny's second horse—you can't imagine the joy it gives one seeing dear Home faces."

*From Bendor to Lord Ribblesdale :—*

Sep., 15.

You will doubtless know by now that Percy was killed yesterday gallantly leading his men at Soupir, about 12 miles East of Soissons.

He was killed at once, shot in the head at close range (rifle bullet), just at the edge of a wood, coming on to the open. It was just at the back of the Chateau Soupir, which belongs to a Madame Boursin. It was a very great attack on the Germans, followed by a counter attack on their part, and the ground was thick with their slain when I was up there. He must, as far as I can make out, have been shot at about 2 p.m. Monday, the 14th, but there was a good deal of confusion when I was up there. I went to his grave (he was buried in the wood where he fell), by Cotterel Dormer, an officer in his Company. They have got all his things. This sounds a cold-blooded letter, but you know my feelings, and there is not time to express them here. He went in good company, David Bingham, and several others killed.....Cakes Banbury had wounded, and Vaughan slightly. My thoughts are with dear little Diana, and with my Mother, whom I hardly dare write to. I should like you to see the latter if possible, and tell her I have written to you. I cannot write her, as I don't know when Rawlinson will break the news. Can you explain all this to her? I am heart broken myself. When this is over I must come and see you. I know Diana will be braver than the brave. Perf was, and his example will last throughout the ages."

*From Bendor to his Sister, Lady Shaftesbury :—*

" East of Soissons,

15th Sept., 1914.

I have no time to write as I should like. Our Percy has gone in a merciful and gallant manner at the head of his men. I cannot write details now.

I was at his little grave to-day in a wood where he fell at Soupir at the back of Chateau Soupir, 12 miles East of Soissons and could not get out owing to shell fire, but I managed to

get there to-day. He was shot as far as I can tell instantaneously at about 2 p.m., Monday, September 14th. I was allowed to wire to Sir H. Rawlinson to break the news, so I daresn't write to Mother or Diana for fear they have not heard already. Will you some time explain my position to them. He went in good company with several of his friends in a way most befitting to him, with a heap of German slain round him.

My darlings I grieve with you all and feel hopelessly heart-broken, it is tragic. I have not time to write and this is a cold-blooded letter. My heart bleeds for Mother and Diana. We must think, dear ones, of Percy and George together. I cannot write more, and this letter you must explain to Mother and Diana. I have written more fully to Lord Ribblesdale. You must all gather round Mamma and little Diana. When Mother knows explain my not writing, my thoughts are so with her.

David Bingham was killed with him, so they go into a glorious partnership."

*From Colonel Geoffrey Fielding, the Colonel of Percy's Regiment, to Diana :—*

" Sept. 15.

I am writing to you about Percy ; but I feel so sad that I hardly know how to write. He was shot yesterday while gallantly holding on to a position against a very strong counter-attack made by the Germans. I can hardly tell you what a loss he is to the regiment ; there was no more gallant fellow, more charming companion, or better officer in the regiment, and great as his loss is to us, my first thoughts are of you, and I write to you to express the sympathy of the whole Brigade. We have had a hard time since we have been out here, long drudging marches, hot weather, and little sleep ; but Percy was always the same—always smiling and cheering everyone up, and telling the men not to mind as we should eventually win. The devotion of his men to him was most touching, and I have seldom seen an officer's loss so grieved over by his men. Percy was shot through the head, and his death was instantaneous."

*From M. Durrell, soldier-servant to Percy, to Martin Wilson, nephew to Mrs. Percy Wyndham :—*

September 24th, 1914.

No. 3 Company received your presents which were very acceptable, and as they came from a young gentleman so nearly related to Mr. Percy Wyndham, they were eagerly sought after. By this time I expect you know of your poor Uncle's death.

He died a Soldier's death, leading his Platoon in the firing line against the Germans. The whole of the Company was sad when they heard of it. He was like a Father to his men, and I have seen him in the night, after a long and weary march (during the retirement from Mons) rubbing ointment on his men's blistered feet, when he was tired himself. He was always amongst his men encouraging and helping them. What the Company thought of him it is impossible for me to tell you:

We hope that when you grow to be a man, that you will be as strong, brave and respected a gentleman as your beloved Uncle Percy. The Company wish to express their deepest sympathy to you.

This letter, written on behalf of No. 3 Company, 3rd Battalion Coldstream Guards, by—

M. Durrell, Servant to Lt. Percy Lyulph Wyndham; and Company Q.M.R. C Fox.

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And so, fired with hope, and cheerily sharing with his comrades the hardships and horrors of war, he went bravely on, thinking only of others, those around him, and everyone at home; even the dogs and horses, and the gardens at Clouds, bathed in the autumn sunshine. From his childhood he had loved gardens. Do you remember how he delighted George by improvising poetry when quite a little boy? I found in the Library at Clouds a manuscript book in which George wrote with his own hand:—

“ Poem composed and dictated to Sibell by Percy on the morning of Thursday, November 30th, 1893.

*Two Angels over Mother,  
 One Angel over me.  
 Saughton Tower is on a hill,  
 All around are glossy fields.  
 The crows fly by the hedge-rows  
 When the round sun goes to bed,  
 The trees stand so high,  
 Where they make their happy nests  
 Percy's flowers grow  
 Within his white garden-gate,  
 'Love-in-a-mist' and 'Pansies,'  
 And sweetest Mignonette."*

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Let us write upon his grave these lines of William Blake :—

*"Bind ardent hope upon your feet like  
 shoes,  
 Put on the robe of preparation!  
 The table is prepared in shining heaven,  
 The flowers of immortality are blown."*  
 C.T.G.







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